

<36627977610010

<36627977610010

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

5 Q.111

DENMARK DELINEATED;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF THAT COUNTRY,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

PORTRAITS, VIEWS, AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

Drawings

BY EMINENT DANISH ARTISTS.

"I am a friend to my country and my country's friends."

IVANHOE.

PART I.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

EDINBURGH,

PRINTED FOR OLIVER & BOYD:

G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE, AND
RODWELL & MARTIN, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

1821.

OLIVER & BOYD, PRINTERS.

253

H. Sept

60m

Fetters

DENMARK DELINEATED.

PART I.

NORTH OF ZEALAND.

ALBERT THORVALDSEN.
DENMARK DELINEATED.

PART I.

THE NORTH OF DENMARK.

NORTH OF DENMARK.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

THE AUTHOR.

TO
ALBERT THORVALDSEN,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE

THE COUNTRY

OVER WHICH HIS BIRTH HAS SHED SUCH LUSTRE,

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

The present edition of the *Journal* has been revised and corrected by the author, and is now published in a new and improved form. It contains a full and complete account of the history and progress of the cause, and is a valuable work for all who are interested in the subject. The author has also added a new chapter on the state of the cause in the year 1840, and has revised the whole of the work. It is now published in a new and improved form, and is a valuable work for all who are interested in the subject. The author has also added a new chapter on the state of the cause in the year 1840, and has revised the whole of the work. It is now published in a new and improved form, and is a valuable work for all who are interested in the subject.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE injustice which Denmark has, in general, sustained from the ignorance and prejudice of foreign travellers, originally suggested the expediency of this Publication. In giving a representation of the present state of that country, and pointing out to future travellers the objects most worthy of their attention, the Author felt, at the same time, that the value of the Work might be enhanced, if the plan which has been followed with so much success by English travellers, in their graphic delineations of foreign countries, were adopted. The public spirit and taste of Professor Eckersberg, the friend of the Author, was not lost upon other eminent native artists, as, by their liberal and effective assistance, he has been enabled to accompany the descriptive part of his Work with views of the royal palaces, public edifices, most remarkable monuments of art, and the loveliest scenery of Denmark. The information presented to the reader has been drawn from the most authentic sources; and the Author's endeavour has been, to give a description of the Country and the People, in a manner which, he trusts, will prove satisfactory. His great object is to obey a call, at once just and generous, lately made in one of the eminent literary Journals of Britain, "requiring every man to contribute his mite to make nations better acquainted with each other, in the hope of repairing the breach which the fourth part of a century, spent in war and devastation, has made in mutual courtesy."

Edinburgh, 7th July, 1821.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The injustice which Denmark has, in general, sustained from the ignorance and prejudice of foreign travellers, originally suggested the expediency of this Publication. In giving a representation of the present state of that country, and pointing out to future travellers the objects most worthy of their attention, the Author felt, at the same time, that the value of the Work might be enhanced, if the plan which has been followed with so much success by English travellers, in their graphic delineations of foreign countries, were adopted. The public spirit and taste of Professor Hekkerberg, the friend of the Author, was not lost upon other eminent and able artists, by their liberal and effective assistance, he has been enabled to accompany the descriptive part of his Work with views of the royal palaces, public edifices, most remarkable monuments of art, and the loveliest scenery of Denmark. The information presented to the reader has been drawn from the most authentic sources; and the Author's endeavour has been, to give a description of the Country and the People, in a manner which, he trusts, will prove satisfactory. His great object is to obey a call, at once just and generous, lately made in one of the eminent literary Journals of Britain, "requiring every man to contribute his mite to make nations better acquainted with each other, in the hope of repairing the breach which the fourth part of a century, spent in war and devastation, has made in mutual courtesy."

Kilbuck, 16 July, 1821.

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION



Drawn by himself

Eng^d by W. H. L. G.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

THORVALDSEN,

AND THE

LIVING ARTISTS OF DENMARK.

It has been remarked by some critics, "That the fine arts hardly exist in Denmark." This assertion may, however, be supposed to have been made upon hearsay, as to what might perhaps have been the case a century ago. It is impossible for a stranger to enter the city of Copenhagen without feeling that the fine arts must exist in Denmark. Nothing can present a nobler spectacle, or of more theatric effect, than the street leading from the sea and terminating in an octagon, which is embellished with four palaces of equal size and uniform appearance. In the centre stands an equestrian statue, surpassing all modern works of the kind, which was erected in honour of King



Engraved by W. H. Jones. 1821.

Frederick V. an enthusiastic admirer and im-

ON

ificent patron of the arts. On entering Co-

penhagen by the most general approach on the

land side, the first object which strikes the eye is the

theatrical building of the University cannot

fail to impress the mind of a stranger with

ideas favourable to Danish art. Copenhagen

is, according to the poet, the most beautiful

city of the north, and one of the

most capitals of Europe. Now, could it lay

claim to such praise if the fine arts were not

It has been remarked by some critics, "That

the fine arts hardly exist in Denmark." This

assertion may, however, be suspected to have

been made upon hearsay, as to what might

perhaps have been the case a century ago. It

is impossible for a stranger to enter the city of

Copenhagen without feeling that the fine arts

must exist in Denmark. Nothing can present

a nobler spectacle, or of more theatric effect,

than the street leading from the sea and ter-

minating in an octagon, which is embellished

with four palaces of equal size and uniform

appearance. In the centre stands an eques-

trian statue, surpassing all modern works of

the kind, which was erected in honour of King

Frederick V. an enthusiastic admirer and munificent patron of the arts. On entering Copenhagen by the most general approach on the land side, the monument erected to commemorate the emancipation of the peasantry cannot fail to impress the mind of a stranger with ideas favourable to Danish art. Copenhagen is, according to the Poet Laureate of England, "the best city of the north, and one of the finest capitals of Europe."* Now, could it lay claim to such praise if the fine arts were not cherished in Denmark?

The real truth is, that most foreigners, in their grand tour of the north, generally pass the few days they may assign to Copenhagen in the houses of opulent foreigners, who would possibly think it very bad taste to afford room in their collections for a Danish piece of art on a Danish subject. They are men "who plume themselves upon being *connoisseurs*," as that eminent Irish artist, Mr Comerford, has remarked, "fanciers of old pictures;" those whom Dr Johnson describes as "more willing to honour past than present excellence—whose

* Southey's Life of Nelson, vol. ii. p. 107.

chief satisfaction is, to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients," who,

" With bigot eyes adore, and beating hearts,
The time-worn relics of departed arts.—

— — — — —
But leave the living genius to despair."

" Men who, though they boast of having expended thousands in the purchase of old pictures, cannot say that they have laid out one guinea in the encouragement of native talent."

I would therefore recommend some little more patience and circumspection to those travellers who think the world may be benefited by their observations. The liberal principles on which access is generally granted to public collections in Denmark are well known, and private individuals feel a particular pleasure in gratifying the curiosity of a stranger. It will not therefore be difficult to institute inquiries, which probably would, in most instances, lead to gratifying results. Let the traveller, if he would speak of the fine arts in Denmark, apply where he will be able to judge for himself. Let him visit the collections of

the King, Prince Christian, Count Moltke, Professor Klingberg, Mr Spengler, Mr Nathansson, Mr Secretary Thomsen, Mr Secretary Bang, Mr Fick, and others. Let him, if he pass through the Island of Funen, call at Sanderumgaard, the seat of His Excellency Mr Bulow, and in Zealand, at Count Danneskiold's, as well as at the seats of other noblemen and gentlemen, which will be readily pointed out to him ; and if he do not find works creditable to the Danish artists, let him then pass the sentence of condemnation. Let him devote some hours to the public collections of Copenhagen ; let him visit the painting-rooms of the artists ; and if a candid survey does not allow him to speak the language of praise, the Danes must even be satisfied. But a competent and impartial observer would, I doubt not, declare his assent to a few remarks I shall venture to make upon the subject.

The late Professor Juel was one of the first portrait-painters in Europe,—the Sir Joshua Reynolds of Denmark. He was much employed by English travellers who came to Denmark ; and many of his works, I have been informed, will be found in England. His Royal

Highness the Duke of Gloucester possesses a very fine portrait of the Princess Louisa Augusta, the daughter of Queen Caroline Matilda, painted by Juel.

He is worthily succeeded in his peculiar department by his son-in-law, Professor Eckersberg, whose merits as an historical and marine painter are likewise of first-rate order. His portrait of Thorvaldsen, painted at Rome, established his fame as an eminent portrait-painter in oil. This high reputation he has maintained by a portrait of the poet Oehlenschlaeger; another of Thorvaldsen, painted last summer at Copenhagen; and by a large picture of the King, the Queen, and their two daughters, in which he has successfully caught those mental, expressive, and placid graces, which characterize every feature of her Danish Majesty's countenance.

Professor Eckersberg's picture of Moses conducting the Israelites through the Red Sea, and that of the Death of Balder, from the mythology of the north, would do honour to any school of painting. His marine views of Zealand, the loveliest of Danish isles, may claim a high rank among the happiest efforts in that

branch of art. The drawings likewise, which he made last summer from Thorvaldsen's bas-reliefs, of the Baptism of Christ and the Lord's Supper, were executed in the first style of excellence ; and they certainly surpass the drawings of Riepenhausen, and even the exquisite performances of Overbeck, done at Rome from the works of the Danish sculptor.

Of landscape-painters Denmark has lately sent one out into the world, who bids fair to combine the peculiar excellencies of Ruysdael and Both. His name is Dahl, a Norwegian by birth, who came a mere youth to Denmark, where he was instructed. In 1818, he went to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, without any stipend from the Royal Academy of Arts at Copenhagen, being deprived of their aid in consequence of the unhappy separation of his native country from Denmark ; but he enjoys the best of all species of support in his own genius, ardour, and industry. He no sooner arrived at Dresden, than he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Arts in that city, and received more commissions for landscape and marine paintings than he was able to execute. Mr Dahl likewise possesses the favour

of His Royal Highness Prince Christian, one of the best patrons of the arts in Denmark, because he is one of the most competent judges, and he enjoys the active friendship of other Danes, who feel strongly interested in the fate of this promising young artist.

Dahl will soon be followed by another young landscape-painter of the name of Harder, a native of Denmark, who has hitherto chiefly confined himself to the beautiful scenery of the southern parts of Zealand. His works display a wonderful intimacy with nature in her sweetest and softest forms, accompanied by the most exquisite delicacy of finishing.

The painting-room of Mr Möller, Royal Academician and landscape-painter, is one of the most delightful lounges at Copenhagen for the lovers of the fine arts. Last summer it contained some fine landscapes and mountain scenery, sent home from Dresden by Dahl, besides being rich in the productions of his own pencil. I noticed, in particular, some beautiful Swiss views from drawings on the spot, a highly finished painting of the romantic castle of Heidelberg, some views near Count Moltke's seat at Bregentved in Zealand, and several sea-

pieces in the picturesque island of Möen. Mr Möller is, at the same time, a perfect master of the art of *restoring pictures*, which the famous French artist, Hacquin, practised with so great success.

Of Mr Gebauer, an animal painter, I know not how to express myself in terms of adequate commendation. I recollect the high panegyric pronounced upon some of his works by a Scots connoisseur, whom I had the pleasure of introducing to such objects as were most worthy of a stranger's attention at Copenhagen. "How like a fine Potter!" he exclaimed, on seeing a group of horses painted by Mr Gebauer; "in England such an artist would make a rapid fortune." The landscape part of his composition is executed in a style of softness and vivid colouring particularly suited to the scenery of Denmark. His copy of the famous Boar-hunt, in the gallery at Dresden, is a noble performance; and several sketches, representing Cossacks, Calmucks, and Bashkirs, on the march or in reconnoitring parties, taken from life at Dresden in the eventful year of 1813, are highly characteristic, and executed in a very spirited style.

Flower-painting has always been a favourite pursuit in Denmark. Many years ago, a Danish lady, Mrs Baerens, had the honour of submitting some of her works to the public, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. She was, I believe, a member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Copenhagen; at least some of her performances have found admission into the saloon in the palace of Charlottenborg, appropriated for the reception of the works of artists admitted as Royal Academicians. At present Copenhagen possesses, in Mr Fritzs, a first-rate flower-painter. His performances, both in drawing and colouring, display the utmost truth. The composition is simple, and the execution perfectly natural. Of his fruit-pieces it might be said, that birds would give the same proof of the power of his pencil as they did to Zeuxis.

Mr Camradt is likewise an excellent flower-painter; and the works of Mr Martens, especially his shrubs, might easily be taken for specimens of Paul Brill.

Copenhagen has good miniature-painters, among whom Mr C. Horneman ranks foremost. He has resided many years in Germany and

Italy, most honourably subsisting by his profession in those nurseries of the arts, where, of course, a foreign artist would have to contend with local difficulties of no small magnitude. Surely this will be admitted as a proof, that the fine arts exist in the country where Mr Horneman was born and bred. He returned to Denmark with a large collection of exquisite copies from the originals of the most celebrated masters. Of these it may be remarked, that he has been eminently successful in his imitations of Holbein's Charles the Bold, Van Dyke's Charles I., Correggio's Jupiter and Io, Titian's Mistress, and Cupid by Guido. Mr Horneman's miniature paintings are distinguished by striking and pleasing expression, vivid and beautiful colouring, and the utmost delicacy of finishing. Many of his original performances deserve to be mentioned; but I must content myself with noticing his picture of King Lear and Kent wandering in the storm, and his portrait of Thorvaldsen, which combines the most striking likeness, with all the fire of inspiration and goodness of heart, so strongly traced in the countenance of that great sculptor.

The painting-room and collection of Professor Lorenzen will amply reward the curiosity of the visitor. With the exception of two scenes by Professor Eckersberg, Mr Lorenzen has painted the whole of the Holberg Gallery. This interesting exhibition of graphic skill, intended to illustrate the writings of the celebrated Holberg, will powerfully rivet the attention of the lovers of that species of the drama in which the Danish poet so highly excelled, and by which he added so much in his own time, and in after ages, to "this fragment of life," as expressed by Sterne, in his dedication of *Tristram Shandy* to the great Earl of Chatham. The Holberg Gallery is interesting in another respect; it is a fine memorial of the encouragement so liberally afforded to the arts by Mr Nathansson, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, whose high deserts, founded on his love and support of all liberal pursuits, will always entitle him to general respect.

The exquisite works of the late Mr Stubb, who died in early youth, testify the loss which the arts in Denmark sustained by his premature death. His painting of *Ossian* alone

would have been sufficient to have handed his name down to posterity.

The works of Mr Höyer and Professor Lund are said to rank among the best specimens of historical painting, and, as such, would deserve to be particularized with a copiousness of detail which it is not in my power to supply. These artists are now engaged on some paintings of great size, from historical subjects, intended for the decoration of the palace of Christiansborg.

That such a city as Copenhagen should possess able architects must be a self-evident proposition. The present city-architect, Professor Malling, displays much classic elegance and purity in design, and bids fair to add largely to the architectural beauty of Copenhagen. Some young architects of high promise are now on their travels in Italy and in Greece.

Denmark does not at present possess many good engravers. Professor Clemens's well-known and admirable print of the Death of General Montgomery, after Turnbull's picture, bears, however, sufficient evidence that this arises from no want of capacity. Mr Clemens is now engaged on the portrait of Thor-

valdsen, which was painted last summer at Copenhagen by Professor Eckersberg, and the most sanguine expectations are entertained from his endeavours to do justice to the engraving.

In sculpture, Denmark has at various periods possessed eminent artists. Of these Wiedevelt, both by his talents and unhappy fate, claims the highest praise and the deepest sympathy. A German critic, Mr] Ramdohr,* observed of him: "Mr Wiedevelt's style is good. The position of his figures is marked by simplicity, void of frippery, and full of natural expression. The drapery is conceived in the taste of the antique, and the marble is wrought well, and with great spirit. It would of itself form a theme of praise, that he is the tutor of Trippel."†

A Dane has it, however, in his power to pay a tribute of higher praise to the lamented Wiedevelt; he was the tutor of Thorvaldsen, a sculptor whom English critics in some branches of the art prefer even to Canova.

* Journey to Denmark. Hanover 1792. page 163.

† A German sculptor.

That accomplished traveller, Mr Mathews, after giving a critique on Canova's works, proceeds to say of Thorvaldsen :

“ *January 10th, 1818.*—With the most lively recollection of Canova, I went this morning to examine the *studio* of Thorvaldsen, a Danish sculptor, whose works are much more to my fancy.—There is a freshness and originality in his designs, guided by the purest taste.—What can be more elegant and beautiful than his basso-relievo of *Night*? His *Venus Victrix* approaches nearer than any modern statue to the *Venus de Medici*. There is a *Shepherd* too, which is a delightful specimen of simplicity and nature ;—and the charm of these statues is, that while they emulate, they have not borrowed any thing from the ancients.

“ A bust of Lord Byron—a good likeness.

“ Thorvaldsen has just finished the model of a Mercury putting Argus to sleep with his pipe ; a figure of exquisite grace, archness, and spirit, the veritable son of Maia.”*

* The Diary of an Invalid, being the Journal of a Tour, &c. in Pursuit of Health in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By Henry Mathews, A.M., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Another traveller, who may perhaps be thought a still more competent judge, being himself a very eminent artist, speaks thus of Thorvaldsen :

“ Thorvaldsen’s Studio does not offer such a splendid display of statues as that of Canova ; but the man of taste will find quite enough to convince him, that to this great artist Canova is the only rival. Priam supporting the Body of his Son,—Briseis led from the Tent of Achilles,—Jason,—Ajax,—Adonis, and Mars, are all noble works, but certainly not finished with such exquisite delicacy as the statues by Canova. Psyche, Bacchus, and Cupid, his allegorical representation of Night, his friezes, especially of the Triumph of Alexander, and other works, are all of transcendent merit.—The most of this sculpture is going to England, chiefly for the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lucan, Mr Hope, and Mr Divett. For an accurate knowledge of the *beau-ideal*, or the perfection of nature, whichever you please to call it, united with a keen discriminating eye for the beauties of the antique, yet still preserving originality, Thorvaldsen, especially in his basso-relievos, is superior to Canova, who

sometimes appears to copy himself. In examining the works of the former, the mind is led to ancient days of greatness, and seems to catch a portion of that sacred light, which emanates from the genius of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Cleomenes ; the latter, on the other hand, presents to you the choicest views of nature, with less apparent knowledge acquired from ancient sources, and perhaps with less delicacy and refinement of sentiment.”*

Let us hear, at the same time, what a German critic says of Thorvaldsen’s noblest work, *The Jason* :—

“ Thorvaldsen, a sculptor from Copenhagen, has exhibited a model of Jason, victoriously bringing back the golden fleece. The statue is of the size of the Apollo Belvedere. Like every genuine offspring of a creative imagination, this figure is formed in the true heroic character of the ancients. There is a prevailing harmony in the whole, while the natural and animated position of the figure displays all its parts, finely contrasted to each

* Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, by H. W. Williams, Esq. Edinburgh 1820. Vol. II. pp. 329-30.

other, agreeably to the rules of art. In consequence, a delightful alternation of rest and motion is effected through all parts of the figure. The head, which is turned aside, bespeaks youthful beauty and vigour; and the spirited countenance expresses adventurous courage. The forms of the figure are throughout, noble, vigorous, and defined with the greatest purity. On comparing the models, Thorvaldsen's Jason, for appropriate character and style, is in every respect to be preferred to Canova's Perseus. In the work of the young Danish artist, we moreover discover that plastic mind, which seizes the essence of forms, and which we seek in vain, even in the happiest of Canova's efforts."*

This noble statue may now soon be expected in England; its arrival has hitherto been retarded by a variety of circumstances. The history of this work, as connected with that of the sculptor, is singularly interesting.

About eighteen years ago, Mr Thomas Hope came to Rome. He went to Thorvaldsen, and

* On Canova and his Works, by C. F. Fernow. Zurich, 1806. Page 198.

was so much struck with the genius and talent he had displayed in a model of a colossal statue of Jason, that he ordered the figure itself in marble. Thorvaldsen was on the point of returning to Denmark—as the period during which he was allowed a travelling stipend from the government of his country was then expired. He saw himself thus without the means of protracting his residence at Rome, and, in consequence, unable to execute Mr Hope's order. But Mr Hope, with the alacrity characteristic of a man of taste and right feeling, seized the critical moment, and fixed the rising fame of Thorvaldsen on the most durable basis, by furnishing him with the means he required. A long period succeeded, unfavourable to science, art, and all the best efforts of human genius. Thorvaldsen was therefore prevented from sending the Jason to Mr Hope. Eventually, however, *armatogis cesserunt*, and Mr Hope enjoyed the happiness to behold, in 1816, the masterpiece of modern sculpture. Orders had in the meantime flowed in upon Thorvaldsen in such abundance, that Mr Hope, with a delicacy harmonizing with his early perception of the

st's rising excellence, requested him not to hurry himself with the Jason: and some dark specks having unfortunately been discovered in the marble, Thorvaldsen, with that honourable feeling, which is the highest ornament of genius, resolved to procure another block, more worthy of a work which proved to be the basis of his reputation and worldly fortune.

Mr Williams, whom I have quoted above, has a passage aptly illustrating this subject.

“ The *studios*, as they are called in Rome, of Canova and Thorvaldsen, are ranges of work-shops, filled with statues in various states of progress ; and it is curious to observe what common-looking workmen are employed in blocking out the figure from the model, till it is advanced to that state when the masters themselves take it into their hands to finish. It is so difficult to judge of a block of marble, whether it will be free of specks or blemishes, that it often happens that two or three blocks are begun upon and laid aside as unfit for use, after the figure is considerably advanced. The Graces, by Canova, for the Prince Regent, have a few dark specks, which were not perceived

till they were nearly finished ; they certainly do not injure the pure effect of the figures ; but as the Regent was desirous to have them without a spot, that liberal artist informed us, that he would willingly give 200 or 300 *zechins* for the removal of each. The sum given to him for that group is 3000 guineas."

Most of Thorvaldsen's works, a list of which will be found in the Appendix, have been engraved. In 1811, a selection was published at Rome by Riepenhausen, entitled, *Le Statue ed i Bassirilievi inventati e scolpiti in marmo dal Cavaliere Alberto Thorvaldsen, Scultore Danese*. Another collection, upon a much more magnificent scale, engraved by two Italians, from the drawings of Overbeck, a German artist at Rome, is now in progress of publication at Frankfort.

I proceed to furnish some particulars of Thorvaldsen's life, in order to obviate the erroneous accounts which have appeared in some British publications.

Thorvaldsen, after an absence of twenty-three years, returned to his native country, on a temporary visit, in the autumn of 1819. The approach of such a man was naturally regarded

as an event of auspicious importance in the annals of Denmark, and hailed with an enthusiasm reserved for the real benefactors of the human race alone. He brought back to his country a wreath not to be attained by the mightiest conqueror. Popular gratulation accordingly awaited him at every step of his journey through Denmark; he might indeed be said to "read his history in a nation's eyes."

On his arrival in the first town on Danish ground, Altona, Mr Jacobsen, an eminent barrister, gave publicity to the following interesting particulars of the sculptor's life:

"Albert Thorvaldsen is descended from Icelandic parents. He was born at Copenhagen, but the day and year of his birth are unknown to him and his friends. He is about fifty years of age, and was brought up at Copenhagen. In the Academy of Arts, he carried off every prize for which he contended, and was eventually sent to Rome at the expense of the public. He embarked on board the *Thetis*, a Danish frigate, in the year 1796, and sailed for Leghorn, from which place he proceeded to Rome. Here he applied himself

to the study of the German and Italian languages. He did not execute any work of eminence till the period for his return to Denmark approached,—when the vigour of his mind burst forth, while modelling a colossal statue of Jason. The fame of Thorvaldsen now resounded through Europe, and drew kings and princes to his *studio*. Rome became his place of abode; all the earth his country. He will nevertheless for ever continue to be the pride and glory of his native land.

“ Thorvaldsen is not married. His countenance is a perfect index of his master-mind, and he gains all hearts by his cordial and unassuming behaviour. The lines sung to the sculptor of the Venus of Medici are applicable to Thorvaldsen :

Who can tell what beams of Heav'nly light
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight;
How many a glimpse, revealed to him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own;
Ere, like some vision, sent the earth to bless,
Burst into life this pomp of loveliness.

“ The Swiss and the Poles have chosen Thorvaldsen for the erection of some national monuments. At Rome a medal has been

struck in his honour. The likeness is most excellent. Fifteen persons work daily in his employ, but in all probability he will never be able to finish the works ordered from him." Thus far Mr Jacobsen.

Enthusiastically as Thorvaldsen had been received in his journey through Denmark, his arrival in the capital was still more powerfully felt by the inhabitants. For here he was born and bred, and had given evidences of that genius and talent which afterwards shed their lustre over all Europe. Friends and strangers crowded round the sculptor, and strove by all means in their power to testify their affection and their respect. The public papers teemed with congratulations of all descriptions, in verse and prose, and even the rival chiefs of the Danish poets met to celebrate, in good fellowship, this grand occasion of national rejoicing.

Of all the solemnities instituted to welcome Thorvaldsen on his return to his native land, the meeting arranged by Mr Weinwich, private librarian to his Danish Majesty, in Count Moltke's picture gallery, afforded by far the most rational and appropriate opportunity

for attaining the object in view. There was no "dieting men to your purpose," as Shakspeare says; it was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Nor was there any thing in the oration which Mr Weinwich delivered on the occasion, that could in the slightest degree affect the greatest of all Thorvaldsen's merits—his unaffected modesty. The orator spoke from the heart, and his words did justice to his own feelings and those of his hearers. Mr Thorvaldsen was visibly affected, surrounded as he was for the first time in his life by hundreds of his countrymen, who had spontaneously come together to do homage to a man who had risen by merit, and by merit alone, to his present glorious eminence.

Feastings out of number succeeded; but we pass them by. Let us rather accompany Thorvaldsen to the retirement, where he amply repays all the honours his own or other countries can bestow upon him. Let us observe how he gives form and substance to the sublime conceptions of his mind.

After having modelled the busts of the king, the queen, and their two daughters, Thorvaldsen proceeded to execute a bas-relief of the

Baptism of Christ. It is about three feet in height and six feet in breadth, consisting of three groups with eleven figures. Christ and St John the Baptist stand in the centre; to the left, behind St John, two Cherubs, worthy of Raphael, holding our Saviour's upper garment, intently look up to St John in the act of performing the holy rite. Above, two angels of female form are seen hovering in joyful attendance. To the right, behind our Saviour, a noble group of five persons representing the different stages of human life from childhood to old age. In front of the group stands the father, a vigorous, fine young man. He is strongly affected with a devout attention to the solemn act, and eagerly receives the infant from his wife, who stands in the centre, holding a beautiful boy by the hand, while a venerable old man closes the group, all eager to participate in the blessed ordinance.

A second bas-relief, representing the Lord's Supper, is of the same dimensions, and, like the former, intended to be put up in St Mary's Church at Copenhagen, which was burnt down in the disastrous bombardment by the English, the bare walls only remaining. Thorvald-

sen has deviated from the common mode of placing Christ and the Apostles at a table sitting. Christ stands to the left in the attitude of prayer, holding the cup in his left hand, and raising the right on high. Eleven of the Apostles kneel or stand before him, while Judas, the last of the group, rushes from their presence with a countenance sufficiently illustrative of the propriety of leaving out the purse, which Thorvaldsen had originally put into his hands. St John, the foremost of the disciples, kneels, bending down his head with deep-felt self-abasement and devotion; Peter, on the other hand, throws his body back, rising on one leg, and striking his breast with a degree of fervour and energy, which but too soon forsook him. James occupies the middle, in a standing position, thus giving the group a pyramidal form.

Both these bas-reliefs have been critically described by the celebrated German poetess, Mrs Brun, and by Mr Warnstedt, groom of the stole to her Danish Majesty; but I fear my knowledge of the German language would not sufficiently do justice to those beautiful and sublime critiques. I shall therefore follow the

example of Lady M. W. Montague, who stopped short in her description of the Venus of Medici, and said to her correspondent, "Come to Florence and see it!" In like manner, Thorvaldsen's works can only be duly appreciated by being seen.

At first, it was not intended to have the bas-reliefs executed in marble, but Count Daneskiold Samsøe, a nobleman pre-eminently anxious to promote any object likely to honour or benefit Denmark, and his Excellency Mr Bulow of Sanderumgaard, in Funen, the first patron of authors and artists in Denmark, opened a subscription, as I have been informed, for having the bas-reliefs cut in marble. They were zealously supported by Count Moltke of Bregentved, and others, who had the will as well as the ability to honour and reward Danish merit. A more delicate and a more appropriate acknowledgment of Denmark's debt of gratitude to the great sculptor could not have been offered.

The Court also testified its high sense of Thorvaldsen's merits. Besides the orders previously given for the basso-relievos intended to decorate the palace of Christiansborg, casts of

all Thorvaldsen's works were desired to be forwarded to Copenhagen. The King, at parting, presented Thorvaldsen with a valuable snuff-box, embellished with his Majesty's portrait, set with brilliants.

In short, all classes of his countrymen, from the King upon the throne to the venerable porter at the gate of the Academy of Arts at Copenhagen (the first individual into whose arms Thorvaldsen, with grateful recollection of his boyish days, threw himself on his arrival), did all in their power to testify their affection, their respect, and their admiration, for this great master.

On the 11th of August, 1820, Thorvaldsen left Copenhagen for Warsaw, where he was to meet the Emperor Alexander, on the subject of an equestrian statue of Prince Poniatowsky. From Warsaw he will proceed to Rome.

May he live long there to enjoy his well-earned fame, in which Denmark, England, and Italy, are so deeply interested ! It fell to the lot of Denmark to give birth to his transcendent genius ; but England fanned the heavenly spark into flame, and Italy has matured his talents into that exalted perfection, to which

the nations of Europe now unite in doing unfeigned homage.

To have seen such a man, and, more particularly, to have seen him in the exercise of his art, must be an epoch in any person's life. To me it was singularly interesting; but, as I am conscious that I should not be able to express my feelings on the subject, I will close this humble tribute to the illustrious Thorvaldsen, with a far superior acknowledgment of his virtues and professional merits than any I could offer. An Englishman wrote thus to a common friend, in reply to a communication he had sent him of Thorvaldsen's reception at Copenhagen:—

“ London, 6th November, 1819.

*“ MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your very obliging letter from Copenhagen of 12th October, giving me a most interesting account of the enthusiasm with which your *Phidias*, as you justly call him, has been welcomed in his native city, and the honours bestowed upon him by his admiring fellow-citizens. Well may Denmark be proud of having given birth to such a man, and well*

does he deserve the homage of mankind, who, having carried his art to the highest pitch of excellence, knows how to bear the due tribute of admiration bestowed upon his transcendent genius and talents, with all the meekness and modesty of private worth. I will not attempt to raise my feeble voice amidst that general chorus of praise and applause called forth by his professional talents and his private virtues; but this I will say, that it stands recorded in the journal of my insignificant life, as one of the most fortunate occurrences of my various peregrinations through the world, that which brought me personally acquainted with this your illustrious countryman, and as one of the proudest, that which put me in possession of one of his valued works, which, although not on so large a scale as some of his other productions, still unites all the perfections which his chisel imparts to every subject it undertakes. The beautiful Psyche he has gratified me with has indeed a soul in her, and breathes life and love through the cold white marble—nothing can exceed the exquisite form of that beautiful figure, and the seraphic innocence of its expression.”

LIST

OF

THORVALDSEN'S WORKS,

WHICH EITHER WERE FINISHED, OR IN PROGRESS OF EXECUTION,
AT ROME, IN THE WINTER OF 1818 AND 1819.

STATUES.

1. JASON (colossal)—for THOMAS HOPE, Esq.
2. Psyche with the Box.
3. Venus with the Apple—for Lord LUCAN.
4. Shepherd's Boy and Dog—for T. DIVETT, Esq.
5. Hebe, - - - Ditto.
6. Ganymede presenting drink to Jupiter's Eagle—for Lord
GOWER.
7. A dancing Girl—for Prince ESTERHAZY.
8. Cupid triumphant, - - - Ditto.
9. Mercury grasping the sword to kill Argus, whom he has
lulled asleep—ditto.
10. Adonis carrying a dart and a hare—for the Crown Prince of
Bavaria.
11. Cupid and Psyche—for Prince PUTBUS.
12. Cupid and the Graces—for the Duke of Augustenborg.
13. The Princess of Gallitzin (sitting figure).
14. Ganymede pouring out Nectar,—purchased by Baron HAHN.
15. Another Ganymede—for Countess WORONZOFF.

16. Hope—for Baroness HUMBOLDT.
17. Mars (colossal),—no particular destination.
18. Cupid.
19. Two Cariatides,* designed to support the grand basso-relievo of Alexander's entry into Babylon—Ordered by his Majesty the King of Denmark, for the palace of Christiansborg at Copenhagen.

BASSO-RELIEVOS.

1. Alexander's entry into Babylon. Frieze in plaster of Paris on Monte Cavallo; first intended for Buonapartè, but since ordered in marble by the king of Denmark. Another copy to be executed for Count SOMMARIVA of Milan.
2. The History of Christ—for the Crown Prince of Bavaria.
3. Priam begging Hector's body from Achilles. Both for the
4. Brisëis led from Achilles by Agamemnon's } Duke of BED-
heralds. } FORD.
5. Jupiter and Nemesis. }
6. Minerva and Prometheus. } Four oval basreliefs for the
7. Hercules and Hebe. } palace of Christiansborg.
8. Æsculapius and Hygëia. }
9. Charity—for the Marchioness of LANSDOWNE.
10. Night and Day—for Lord LUCAN and Prince METTERNICH.
11. Mercury bringing the new-born Bacchus to a Nymph—for Lord LUCAN.

* The original Candelabra stood in Jupiter's temple at Athens. The present ones have been executed by Thorvaldsen from the description given of them by Pausanias.

12. Cupid complaining to his mother that a Bee has stung him—
(from Anacreon).
13. Bacchus giving drink to Cupid—for Mr KNUDTZON of Dront-
heim in Norway.
14. Vulcan forging arrows; Venus by his side. Cupid takes the
spear from Mars and hands him an arrow, telling him it is
heavier than the spear—(from Anacreon)—for ditto
15. Hector reproaching Paris with his cowardice—for ditto.
16. Cupid endeavouring to recover Psyche from a swoon—for
Professor BRÖNDSTED of Copenhagen.
17. The Centaur carrying off Dejanira—no destination.
18. Two young Cupids pressing grapes—ditto.
19. Christ giving the Keys to Peter—for a chapel in the Pitti
Palace at Florence.
20. The Muses dancing round the Graces—for Baron SCHUBART.

CENOTAPHS.

1. On Mr Bethmann of Frankfort, who died at Florence of an
ailment brought on by over-exertion at a fire at Vienna.

It consists of three Basso-relievos.

1. The deceased on the point of death presents to his brother
the wreath he has gained. The angel of death stands
behind him.
 2. The mother and two sisters praying, extend their arms to-
wards heaven.
 3. Fate records his actions on the banks of the Arno.
2. On Baroness Schubart. The husband mourning over her
corpse, as if he would recall her to life. The angel of death
stands by.

3. The angel of death carrying off a female figure; the husband endeavouring to restrain him—ordered by a Polish Count.
4. Basso-relievo representing a daughter giving medicine to her mother. The symbol of health is observed near the latter, that of death near the former; because the daughter's death was brought on by her anxious care for her mother—ordered by Mr SCHELLING.
5. Basso-relievo of a man mourning at his wife's urn—for Count PORE.
6. The deceased ascends to heaven, pressing a cross to the bosom.—The angel of death stands by.

STATUES TO BE EXECUTED IN BRONZE.

1. Poniatowsky on horseback—to be put up at Warsaw.
2. General Maitland's bust, intended for the Island of Corfu. Beneath the bust a basso-relievo represents Minerva taking Innocence under her protection, and unveiling Malice.

BUSTS.

Lord Byron.

Ingeman the Danish poet.

Lord Exmouth.

The Crown Prince of Bavaria.

Prince Esterhazy.

BAPTISMAL FONT—for the church at Trolleborg in the Island of Funen. It has three Basso-relievos.

1. St John baptising Christ.
2. Christ blessing little children.
3. Mary with Christ and John.

DENMARK DELINEATED.

THE
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.
MAY 10 1906

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

THE
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.
MAY 10 1906



Drawn by Frederick Kierulff of Copenhagen

THE SOUND AND CRONBORG CASTLE NEAR ELSINORE.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

THE SOUND.

THE SOUND.

The Sound of Denmark, the beauty of the scenery, and the historical interest of the spot, has always been a favorite resort of the guests of Europe. The Sound is a beautiful bay, and is considered to be a complete picture of the Danish beauty, says, "The Sound, the most beautiful side of the Sound, presents the most beautiful landscape I ever beheld. Mount Sueno is called upon as the paradise of England; the Sound is a Eden; the Sound is in one spot only, so that the whole of Denmark from Elsinore to Copenhagen is a high, and undulating in various forms. Rich woods, broken by verdant pastures, and inter-



THE SOUND AND CHRONORH CASTLE NEAR ELSINORE.

Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

DENMARK DELINEATED.

THE SOUND.

THE Sound, from its political importance, the beauty and extent of the adjacent scenery, and the historical recollections which it calls forth, has always been deemed one of the most interesting parts of Europe. An English traveller, who is allowed to be a competent judge of picturesque beauty, says, "The shore, along the Danish side of the Sound, presents the most lovely stretch of landscape I ever beheld. Mount Edgcumbe is looked upon as the paradise of England; and what Mount Edgcumbe is in one spot only, so appears the whole of Denmark from Elsinore to Copenhagen. The land is high, and undulating in various romantic and sublime forms. Rich woods, broken by park-like openings and verdant pastures, and inter-

persed with country houses and villages for an extent of twenty-three miles, form the clothing of these beautiful hills,—a striking contrast to the black and naked line of the opposite coast.”*

It would be endless to quote the writers of almost every country in Europe, who have expressed similar sentiments of admiration. I must, however, cite one German traveller, who observes, that “there cannot be a more enlivening and delightful spectacle than to look down from the eminence in the neighbourhood of Elsinore, to view its stirring activity, and to see the castle illuminated by the setting sun glancing on the waters, which bear the fleets of different nations in the prosecution of commercial enterprise—while we contrast the richness and beauty of the country with the dark and precipitous ridge of the Swedish coast.”†

It would also be unjust to omit the following judicious and correct observations by Mr Southey, in his

* Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1808. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. I. p. 13.

† Travels through Denmark, Norway, Sweden, &c. in 1816—1819, in German. Stuttgart, 1819. 2 vols 12mo. A favourable account of this work is given in the Leipzig Literary Journal and Review, No 267, where it is said to have been written by Mr J. F. Reussner, a young man of promising ability.

“honest and spirited” Life of Nelson, as the Edinburgh reviewers express themselves, when alluding to that interesting piece of biography :

“The political importance of the Sound is such, that grand objects are not needed there to impress the imagination ; yet is the channel full of grand and interesting objects, both of art and nature. This passage, which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide ; and here the city of Elsinour is situated ; except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes lowers her top-gallant sails, and pays toll at Elsinour : a toll which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing light-houses and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the Baltic : and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares : none from that time using the passage of the Belt ; because it was not fitting that they, who enjoyed the benefit of the beacons in dark and stormy weather, should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years, about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace. Adjoining Elsinour, and at the edge of the peninsular promontory, upon the

nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronenburgh Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design ; a magnificent pile—at once a palace, and fortress, and state-prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the Strait is the old Swedish city of Helsinburg ; at the foot, and on the side of the hill. To the north of Helsinburg, the shores are steep and rocky ; they lower to the south ; and the distant spires of Landscrona, Lund, and Malmoe, are seen in the flat country. The Danish shores consist partly of ridges of sand ; but, more frequently, their slopes are covered with rich wood, and villages and villas, denoting the vicinity of a great capital."

The Sound is nearly as broad as the Hellespont.—It was once covered with King Harold Hildetand's fleet in such a manner, that a kind of bridge lay across it. The bridge of vessels which was laid by Xerxes over the Hellespont was therefore no great wonder. Of the military events which have occurred in the Sound, the passage of the Dutch fleet under Admiral Opdam, in the year 1658, is the most remarkable. Cronenburgh Castle was then in possession of the Swedes ; they had numerous batteries on their own shores, and a considerable fleet riding in the Sound. Yet Opdam fought his way through this triple fire, and, with the loss of one ship only, succeeded in throwing supplies into Copenhagen, which was then besieged by the Swedes. The

military transactions which have taken place in this quarter of the world, in more recent times, are too well known to need any commemoration.

On landing at Elsinore, an Englishman might easily conceive that he is in some seaport town in his own country. He is perpetually accosted in his own language by slopsellers, butchers, fishwomen, and trades-people of all descriptions. The streets close to the harbour bear a striking resemblance to the streets nearest the Thames, the Humber, the Wear, and the Tyne. The public-houses display signs with a Danish man-of-war on one side, and an English on the other. The houses of the English merchants resident here are either built or fitted up in the style of their country, and, of course, replete with every thing to make an English traveller comfortable. Elsinore, too, has another strong claim on his best feelings, from its being inseparably associated with one of the noblest works of human genius:—for Hamlet, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, has more affected English hearts than any other dramatic production.

The custom of paying toll to the King of Denmark is the chief cause of bustle at Elsinore. Hence the place is not unaptly called the King of Denmark's goldmine. The precise amount of this branch of revenue has never been accurately stated. It depends, in the

first instance, on the number of ships passing the Sound, and the value of their cargoes ; but, since the war, it is in a great measure affected also by the rise or fall of the Danish exchange. In some of the last years, the amount of the Sound dues may perhaps have been from 120,000 to 150,000 pounds Sterling, per annum. This money forms a part of the King's private revenue, and, according to the statement of Mahlmann, a German traveller, is applied by his Majesty solely to beneficent purposes.

CRONENBURGH CASTLE.

THE Castle of Cronenburgh, in the vicinity of Elsinore, was built by Frederick II. in the boldest style of Gothic architecture. Mr Boesen, an honest old historian of the place, while describing the position, solidity, and magnificence of the castle, affirms, that it may rank with the noblest castles, not only in the North, but in all Europe.

This venerable edifice is connected with subjects of traditional, dramatic, and historical interest. On descending into the casemates, the story of Holger Danske, (or Ogier the Dane, as he is called in the French romances), will amuse the mind in these damp and dismal vaults. It is thus related by Mr Thiele:* “ For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronenburgh. No man knew the cause, and there

* In his Collection of Popular Danish Traditions, a work which has been favourably noticed in vol. XXII. of the Quarterly Review. Art. Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages.

was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave, who had forfeited his life, was told, that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself, when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp, which was nearly burnt out; and, below, stood a huge stone table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up. It was Holger the Dane. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. ‘Give me thy hand!’ said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, ‘It is well! I am glad that there are yet *men* in Denmark.’”

Leaving the casemates, and ascending the ramparts, Englishmen will find themselves on classic ground. Here they may indulge the fancy of Mr Matthison, the celebrated Swiss poet, who made the venerable ghost of Hamlet’s father appear on the platform, when he exclaimed

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

But a still deeper tragedy will awaken the sympathies of an Englishman on his visit to Cronenburgh Castle. For, (to use the words of a distinguished author, already quoted), "here Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court-intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and as the ship bore her away from a country where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspecting gayety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing toward them till the last speck had disappeared."*

During her imprisonment in the Castle of Cronenburgh, it was Queen Caroline Matilda's chief enjoyment to ascend the square tower, which commands one of the finest prospects in the world. No spot could better sooth the anguish of her mind. The animated appearance of the Sound, in which the English flag is so frequently displayed,† would fill her mind with

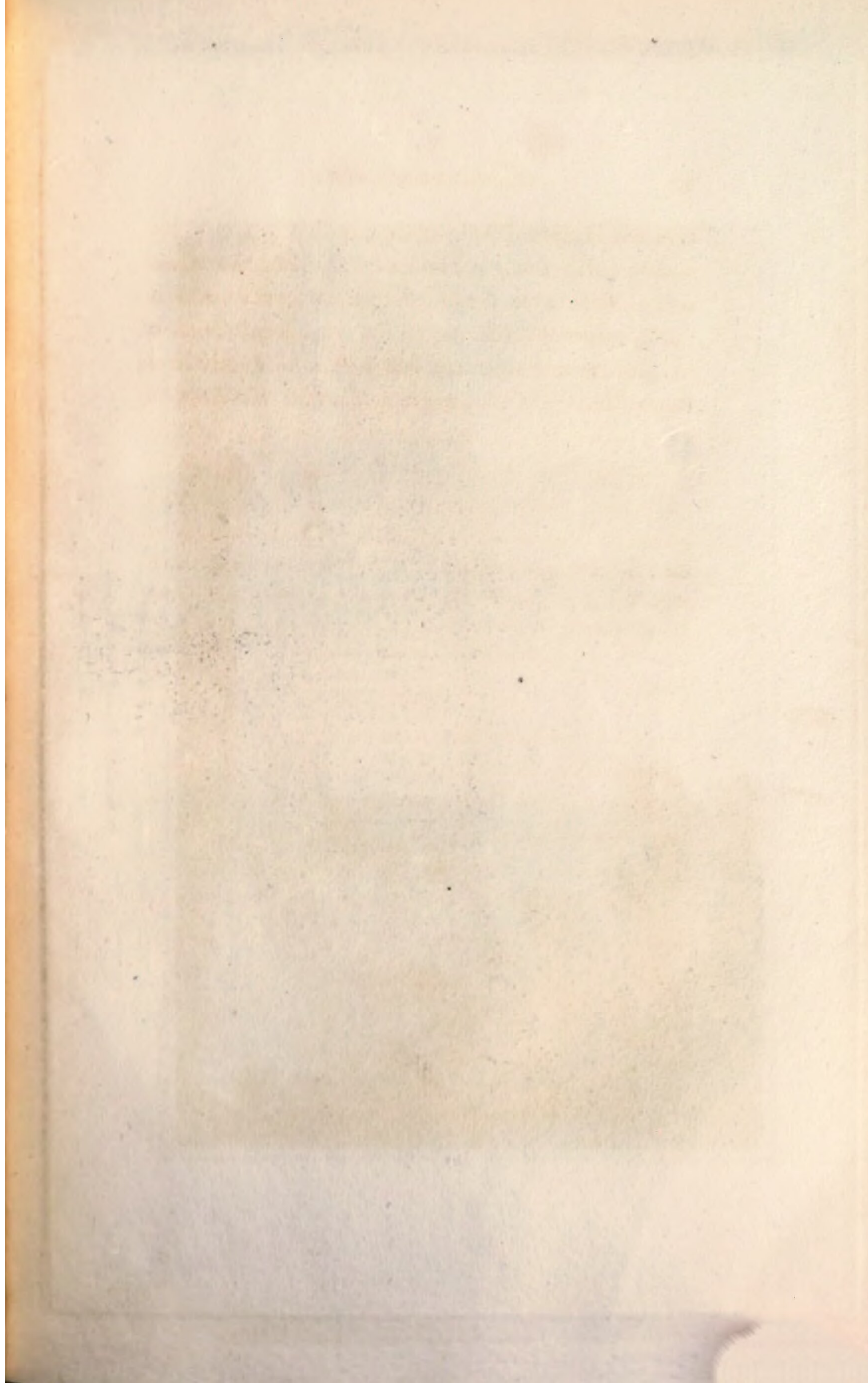
* Southey's *Life of Nelson*, vol. I. p. 108.

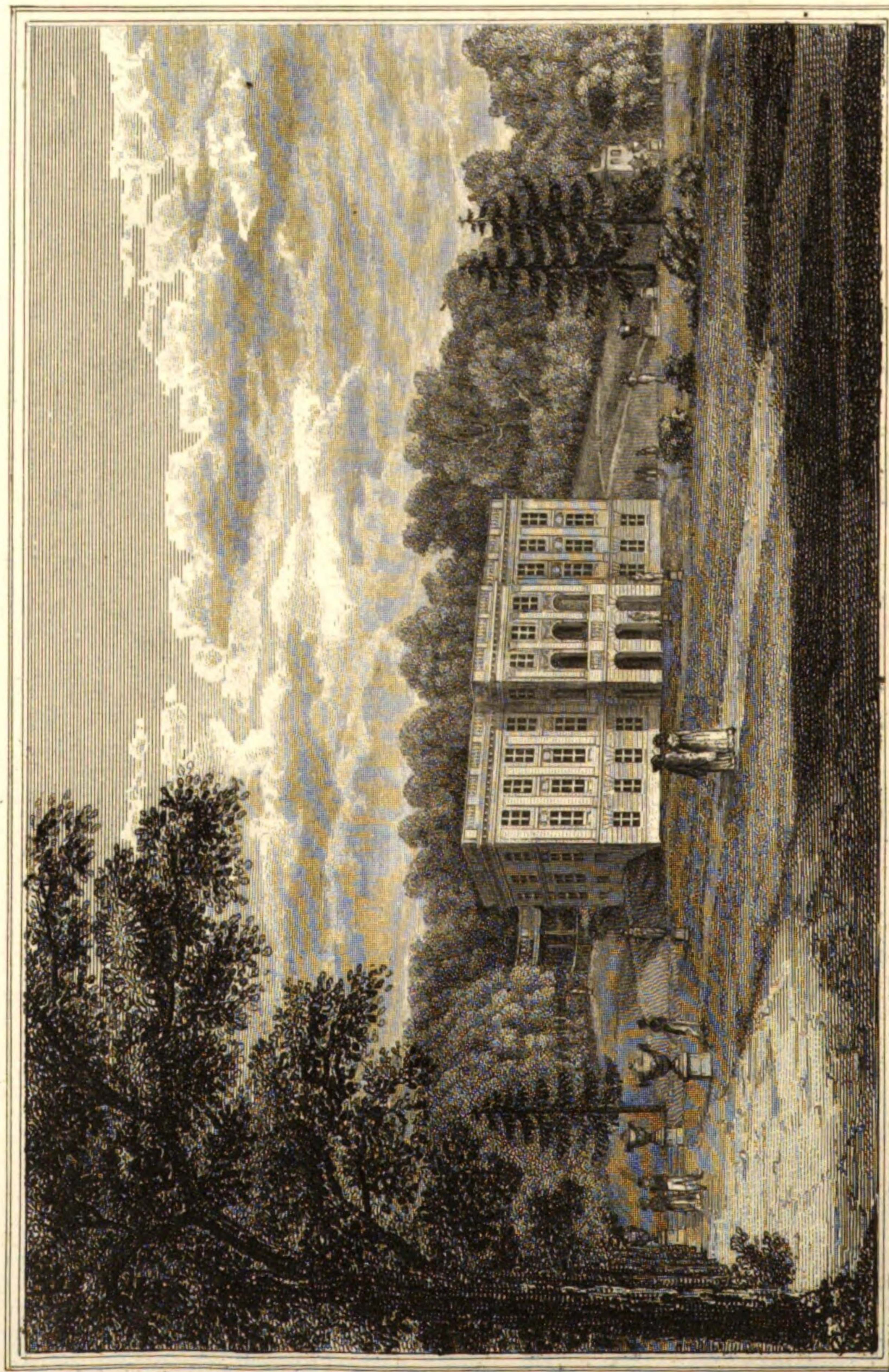
† Dr Clarke, in his *Scandinavia*, relates an anecdote which I do not think inapposite to introduce here:

"During the time that Matilda was a prisoner here, the captain of an English merchantman in the Sound, hearing of her captivity, and

cheering images of the greatness and prosperity of her native land. And, in gazing on the beauties which nature has scattered with so lavish a hand over Denmark, her contemplations on the great First Cause of all good would create in her the best disposition to forgive her "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers."

supposing that imprisonment and starvation were synonymous terms, determined to mitigate the Queen's sufferings by sending her a leg of mutton and some potatoes. Mrs Fenwick, wife of the Consul of this name, herself conveyed the present to the Queen, who, being passionately fond of the English, and always affected by every thing that brought them to her recollection, received the gift very graciously, and presented the honest captain with a gold chain in token of her acknowledgment."





Drawn by H. C. F. Holm of Copenhagen.

Eng. by W. H. L. Jones of London.

MARIE NYLST

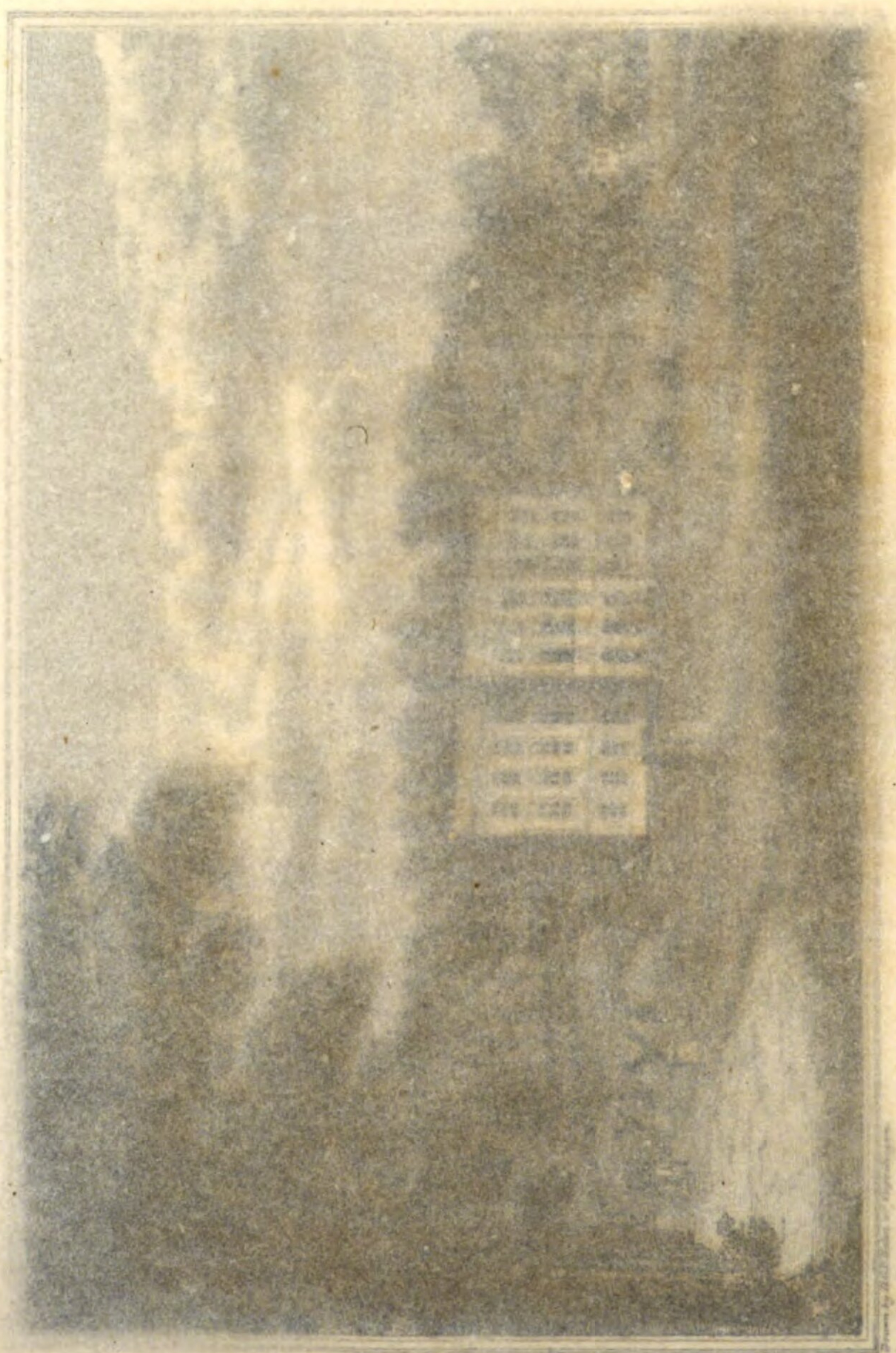
In Hamlet's Garden near Elsinore.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1837.

HAMLET'S GARDEN.

Most travellers, especially English, take the earliest opportunity of bending their steps to the King's, or, as it is more poetically called, Hamlet's Garden, where, according to tradition, Hamlet's father was murdered by his brother. The lower garden, it must be confessed, is not very favourable to the illusion, being laid out in the old, stiff, French style, and of course at variance with nature and Shakspeare. But an Englishman will recollect, that greater violence has been done in his own country to Hamlet, when he was brought on the stage in a French court-dress, and that by Garrick himself. Kemble, however, brought back the costume of Hamlet and of Shakspeare generally to nature and truth. A similar revolution has taken place in the style of gardening in Denmark; and the upper part of Hamlet's garden will be found to be as favourable to the traditional character of the place as the most enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare can desire.

The palace of Marienlyst (Mary's delight), which stands in the lower garden, as represented in the an-



HAMLET'S GARDEN.

Most travellers, especially English, take the earliest opportunity of bending their steps to the King's, or, as it is more poetically called, Hamlet's Garden, where, according to tradition, Hamlet's father was murdered by his brother. The lower garden, it must be confessed, is not very favourable to the illusion, being laid out in the old, stiff, French style, and of course at variance with nature and Shakspeare. But an Englishman will recollect, that greater violence has been done in his own country to Hamlet, when he was brought on the stage in a French court-dress, and that by Garrick himself. Kemble, however, brought back the costume of Hamlet and of Shakspeare generally to nature and truth. A similar revolution has taken place in the style of gardening in Denmark; and the upper parts of Hamlet's garden will be found to be as favourable to the traditional character of the place as the most enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare can desire.

The palace of Marienlyst (Mary's delight), which stands in the lower garden, as represented in the an-

nexed print, is a very fine structure. It was intended for the residence of his present Danish Majesty, when Crown Prince. It is now inhabited by Chamberlain von Krogh, who holds a high office in the customs at Elsinore.

From the hill behind the palace may be enjoyed the prospect already alluded to, and which, according to Mr Ramdohr, another German traveller, exceeded all that he had beheld since he had left Naples. This declaration has been since confirmed by Thorvaldsen, who felt the most anxious desire for a speedy opportunity, during his late visit to Denmark, to revive the impressions he had received in early life from that glorious prospect.

Hamlet's garden is the favourite promenade of the inhabitants of Elsinore. It is generally filled with groups of elegant females and lovely children, whose manners and appearance bear pleasing testimony to the state of society in this part of his Danish Majesty's dominions.

This interesting spot will soon, it is hoped, receive a most appropriate embellishment—a monument in honour of the man who has succeeded better than any other in transferring the “wood-notes wild” of “Fancy's child” into a foreign language. While ce-



PETER FOERSOM.

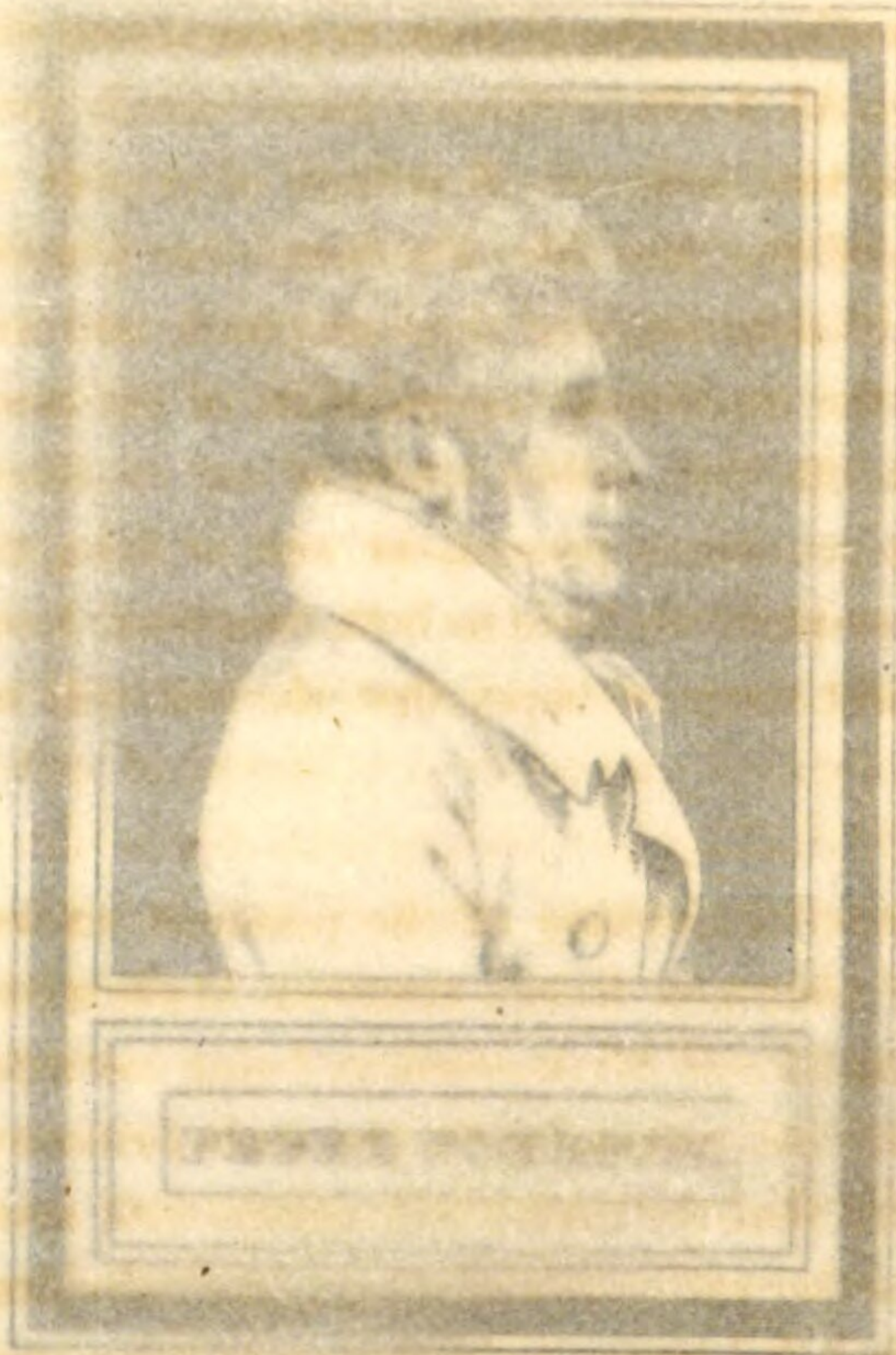
THE DANISH TRANSLATOR OF
SHAKSPERE.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

celebrating the birthday of the late good old king of England in 1818, at the house of Mr Fenwick, the English consul at Elsinore, I took the opportunity of suggesting, that it might add to the enjoyments of the day, if the gentlemen present were to promote an object, which would, I felt confident, prove equally gratifying to the two nations. A tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr Foersom, the Danish translator of Shakspeare, was thus proposed, and honoured with the unanimous approbation of the company. From the high public spirit of our excellent host and the gentlemen present, as well as from the interest they respectively have in both countries, I entertain the most sanguine hopes that the idea will be realised.

Lord Byron, in speaking of the principal writers and poets of Italy now living, mentions Madame Micheli, the translator of Shakspeare, as being not least in an Englishman's estimation.* On such authority, I am persuaded that the reader will peruse with sympathy some further particulars relative to the individual whose portrait I feel happy to introduce in this place.

* *Appendix to the Days of Venice*, page 204.



AND HIS TRANSLATOR OF
ENGLISH.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

lebrating the birthday of the late good old king of England in 1818, at the house of Mr Fenwick, the English consul at Elsinore, I took the opportunity of suggesting, that it might add to the enjoyments of the day, if the gentlemen present were to promote an object, which would, I felt confident, prove equally gratifying to the two nations. A tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr Foersom, the Danish translator of Shakspeare, was thus proposed, and honoured with the unanimous approbation of the company. From the high public spirit of our excellent host and the gentlemen present, as well as from the interest they respectively have in both countries, I entertain the most sanguine hopes that the idea will be realised.

Lord Byron, in speaking of the principal writers and artists of Italy now living, mentions Madam Michelli, the translator of Shakspeare, as being not least in an Englishman's estimation.* On such authority, I am persuaded that the reader will peruse with sympathy some further particulars relative to the individual whose portrait I feel happy to introduce in this place.

* Appendix to the Doge of Venice, page 204.

MR FOERSOM'S translation of Shakspeare is as much a work of genius as a statue of Thorvaldsen's, or a tragedy of Oehlenschläger's. Indeed he might be said to have been born to be the translator of Shakspeare. He did not simply give the words, but preserved the very spirit of Shakspeare. This was beautifully observed in an affecting poem on Foersom's death, composed by an ardent admirer and affectionate friend, Mrs Hegerman Lindencrone, who is esteemed the most distinguished female writer in Denmark. Foersom had from his infancy loved the English language, which he regarded as the most philosophical language in the world—the language of profound thought, fearless expression, and the vehicle of the noblest sentiments that ever gave dignity to human nature. He inherited this predilection for the English language from his father, a country clergyman in the vicinity of Ribe, the capital of the southernmost district of Jutland, who vented his abuse against all languages but two, the Latin and the English. The reverend gentleman was only possessed of a single English book, an old Bible, but he was never heard to read it aloud. When young Foersom went to Copenhagen, and entered the university, he applied himself to the English language. But his poverty prevented him from enjoy-

ing regular tuition; and he had no other assistance than what he could derive from Bay's English and Danish Dictionary, a work not remarkable for its correct pronunciation. Mr Foersom, in a letter to a gentleman, who lost in him his best friend in Denmark, gives the following interesting account of his progress in the English language. It may be proper to observe, that the letter was written in Danish, but the passages printed in italics were written in English by Mr Foersom, who was very fond of using that language in familiar communications with his friends :

“ Gray's matchless Elegy, ‘ *The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,*’ was the first piece of English composition with which I became acquainted; but I could only spell my way. Afterwards I got hold of Ossian, which naturally proved less difficult, from his beautiful and simple style, which does not abound in thoughts. I then fell accidentally in with a couple of English *fortune-hunters*, and some *few populi Anglicani*, from whom I obtained better notions of the pronunciation. After some revolutions, or rather evolutions, in my circumstances, necessity forced me *to set up as master of the English language*. Fortunately for those who were to be benefited by my instructions, one pupil only appeared. He proved to be my first, and—*let me coin this word—most or deepest-bosomed friend*, the present Archdeacon Öllgaard of Asmin-

deröd. He was absolutely bent upon beginning with Shakspeare, and chose the Tempest, which he had borrowed from the king's library. It happened to be *the perfidious edition of Warburton and Pope*. I need not tell you, that, immediately in the first scene, I went to the bottom with the whole of the crew. We then chose Robertson's History of America: I felt, however, too much that I was but a journeyman linguist. A wretched German reprint of Romeo and Juliet, swarming with typographical errors, fell next into my hands. The love-scenes made a strong impression upon my mind. I tried to translate a couple of them, and felt, without knowing Schlegel, that they ought to be translated in metre. Perhaps even these scenes proved to be small sails, by which I was still more forcibly driven towards the stage. For a whole year I was not, however, allowed to make my debut. (N. B. Oehlenschläger and I made our appearance on the stage in one year.) Next year I was permitted to make my debut. My first appearance was favourable, but afterwards I was declared to be *a downright ass*.* Under these circumstances I found myself settled

* It is to be regretted that Mr Foersom did not state by whom this sapient declaration was made. It certainly cannot have proceeded from the public, and scarcely from the royal board of theatrical managers, one of whom, Mr Baggesen, from whose authority there is no appeal in these matters, publicly declared, that Mr Foersom had only one fault, and that was, he was too good for the stage.

in life, an honest man indeed, but with a wife and family, in the twenty-third year of my age, and with *one coat* only, which, unfortunately, after my wedding, I entirely outgrew, without having the means of procuring a new one."

Death prevented Mr Foersom from finishing the letter of which the preceding extract forms a part. It throws much curious light on the political, poetical, and dramatic history of Denmark in his day.

From other communications by Mr Foersom, I am, however, fortunately enabled to pursue the theme of his translation of Shakspeare, and the reception it met with on the stage and in the closet.

Mr Foersom continued his English studies with unremitted assiduity, in which, probably, he was still more encouraged as he became better acquainted with the Danish stage. Denmark, indeed, possesses in Holberg a comic dramatist inferior to Shakspeare and Moliere only, and Evald holds a high place in tragedy; but their works, and the writings of many other excellent native authors, had been nearly discarded from the stage in favour of French and German writers. Foersom therefore felt what Pope expresses in his prologue to *Cato*:

“ Our scenes precariously subsist too long
On French translation and Italian song :”

and, with the high feeling of a patriot, still more exalted by his acquaintance with Shakspeare, and English literature generally, he determined to do his utmost to put an end to the dominion usurped by the dramatists of France and Germany. He entertained the most sovereign contempt for Voltaire's tragedies; and, to use the expression which we meet with in the *Edinburgh Review*, did not much relish the dramatic *sour krout* of Germany.* His thoughts were thus fixed upon Shakspeare, as the great standard of dramatic excellence.

With this view he projected a translation of Shakspeare, beginning, as was natural to a Dane, with *Hamlet*. *Julius Cæsar* was added; and both tragedies appeared in the year 1807. With that refined delicacy and sense of propriety which characterised all Mr Foersom's words and actions, he inscribed the translation to an exalted personage who was most intimately connected with the poet's country—the Princess whom, it will be recollected, Mr Southey so feelingly mentions, while describing the sufferings of

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Foersom made an exception of such dramatic writers as Goethe and Schiller.

her mother, Queen Carolina Matilda. He prefixed the following dedicatory lines to her Royal Highness Princess Louisa Augusta, Princess Royal of Denmark:

“ Snatch'd from the scenic monarch's glorious crown,
 A few stray gems I bring. Before thy feet,
 Exalted fair, in every charm complete,
 With reverence and delight I lay them down.
 Their home was ever in the princely breast:
 That crowned vestal, western sun of fame,
 She loved them ; and in their unfading flame
 The image of her brightness shines confess'd.
 As when the flow'rets of the spring unfold
 Their censers, with the pearls of morn replete,
 Nature's sweet sacrifice, the lordly sun
 Joys to illumine them ; on my offering bold,
 Sun of the north, from thy resplendent seat,
 Of all thy countless rays, oh ! shed but one !” *

Foersom had previously submitted his translation of Julius Cæsar to the Royal Board of Theatrical Managers, in the hope that it might be brought upon the stage ;—but the Royal Managers did not consider the tragedy fit for representation. They expressed, however, their high sense of the merits of the translation, and presented Mr Foersom with a gratuity of fifty rix-dollars, which then amounted to about £10.

* Poems from the Danish ; translated by W. Sidney Walker, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1815. p. 64.

This he acknowledges in his preface, with the feelings of Samuel Johnson, when he addressed his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield.

The public received the translations of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar with unqualified approbation. They were reviewed with great spirit in the 19th Number of the Literary Intelligencer of Copenhagen, for 1807, by the late Captain Abrahamson, a most distinguished veteran in literature. He took occasion to remark, that the Danish translator possessed the most intimate knowledge of the writings of the British bard, and would therefore naturally feel a desire to transfer them into his own language. He stated, that Foersom had given the text of his author with the fidelity which the admirers of Shakspeare were entitled to require; and, in fact, that he had executed his task quite *con amore*; at the same time expressing his conviction, that the happiest results might be anticipated from Mr Foersom's translations of Shakspeare's other plays.

The testimony of a man so competent to sit in judgment upon the subject as Captain Abrahamson, was the more gratifying to Foersom, as he had experienced considerable difficulties in bringing the translation before the public. He, indeed, complains in his preface, that he had for years sought a publisher, even on terms "unfairly fair." The value of money in Den-

mark has varied so much of late years, that it is not possible to state precisely what the booksellers may have paid. But in a letter now before me, dated 6th July 1816, Foersom observes, "The pen frequently drops from my hand, when I reflect that I do not earn dry bread by the translation of Shakspeare, and that I must even think myself well paid if a bookseller gives me 200 rix-bank-dollars (then about £7,) for translating two of Shakspeare's tragedies, and reading the proofs for the press."

It redounds so much the more to his honour that he persevered in the undertaking which he had so successfully begun. A second edition of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar was called for; and, in 1810, his translations of King Lear and Romeo and Juliet were published.

About this time, the writer of these lines became acquainted with Mr Foersom. He had in the preceding year read the translations of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar, and, in consequence, formed a wish to see the translator. Through a common friend, Mr Nathanson, of whom honourable mention has already been made, this object was attained. He saw Mr Foersom, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal of Copenhagen, where he performed the part of Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, which was acted for the benefit of

Mr Schwartz, one of the best actors in Denmark, who had travelled in England, and was well known to Garrick, George Keate, and other distinguished characters. The part of the gay and thoughtless Charles was evidently unsuited to the translator of Shakspeare; in fact, he had undertaken it at a moment's notice, the person who usually performed it having been taken ill. After the play, Mr Foersom came into Mr Nathanson's box, and soon, by his engaging and unassuming manner, raised as high an opinion of his personal character as I had long since formed of his mental endowments.

“Will you allow me, Mr Foersom, to account for the wonderful success with which you have translated Shakspeare?” said I. He bowed assent, and I proceeded:—“In my boyhood, I read in Professor Abraham Kall's History about the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and I must beg to express my belief, that the spirit of Shakspeare animates the Danish form now standing before me.” Mr Foersom modestly remarked, that a Dane enjoyed peculiar facilities in translating from the English.

An intimacy ensued. Indeed the moments I passed with Mr Foersom at Copenhagen, in 1810, were of singular value in the wretched state of the world at that juncture.

Foersom was then also employed in translating the Seasons of Thomson, in whose love of liberty and England he sympathized most cordially. Some lines which Foersom wrote in English, in the album of a friend going to England, would have reflected no discredit on the feelings and powers of the author of "Rule Britannia." As these lines, at a subsequent period, were introduced by Foersom himself into the preface of a pamphlet on the Norway Question, which he translated from the English, I shall insert them, as British readers may be pleased to have an opportunity of judging of his familiar acquaintance with their language:

"Go, son of Denmark, to that lofty shore
Our bloody banners flouted once of yore:
Go to the nation which I deem the best,
(Though * Dane, I must its ministers detest);
That land where Shakspeare rose 'midst darkest night,
And still pours forth his mighty streams of light;
Where gallantly once Christian champions fought,
And always home unspotted laurels brought;
That land, refined by science, arts, and taste,
The lofty ruler of the wat'ry waste,
That, proud and free, ere she will be a slave,
Sinks in the ocean, as her family-grave.

"PETER FOERSOM.

"*Copenhagen, May the 4th, 1810.*"

* The use of the word *though* instead of *as* must have been an oversight.

He was likewise anxious to become acquainted with the works of Burns, which, it would appear, were not known, or at least not to be procured, in Copenhagen: he therefore requested the present writer to furnish him with a copy, as soon as the Berlin and Milan decrees should cease to regulate the intercourse of the continent with England.

Foersom proceeded in his translation of Shakspeare, and had the satisfaction to bring Hamlet upon the stage. He himself performed the Danish Prince to the admiration of individuals who had seen Garrick, Kemble, and Young, in the same character. The gratification which he derived from bringing Shakspeare upon the Danish stage did not, however, long continue unimpaired; for he found a formidable rival in Signor Galleotti, an old Italian ballet-master, who ventured to burlesque the English poet. He brought out two ballets, founded on Macbeth and Romeo and Juliet. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this excited the indignation of a mind like Foersom's, and I have reason to think that he took it much to heart. I once had the curiosity to see the ballet of Macbeth, and was, I confess, much pleased with the opening scenes. What with Signor Galleotti's undoubted skill, and the exquisite music of the orchestra, which is justly esteemed one of the best bands in Europe, there was enough to gratify the senses. But when

Monsieur Bournonville and Madame Schall made their appearance, and went through a long *pas de deux* before Duncan's room, into which Macbeth at last danced, leaving Lady Macbeth to caper away on the outside, I thought it high time to retire. Nor could I suppress the wish, that the Danish audience had inflicted the summary punishment on Signor Galleotti which the audience of the King's Theatre, London, awarded to another celebrated ballet-master, Signor Rossi. This Italian had composed a ballet representing the death of Nelson, and performed himself the illustrious hero. He, of course, was instantly hooted off the stage. It is, however, but due to the taste and discernment of the Danish public to state, that Signor Galleotti's fooleries never became popular with the thinking part of the community, but merely served to amuse little children, as the Christmas pantomimes do in London. Indeed Foersom, in a letter to a friend, expressed the hope, that some of his colleagues, by reciting scenes from Macbeth, had succeeded in putting down Galleotti's *dumb-show*.*

At this time he had increased the number of his

* Mr Foersom had the merit of introducing into Denmark a species of intellectual entertainment, called *Declamatorium*, resembling Mrs Siddons's *Readings*.

translations with those of Richard II., Henry IV. first and second parts, and Henry V.

Peace having been restored, Foersom felt a natural desire to see the native country of his favourite poet; and it is much to be lamented that he had not the means of gratifying his ardent wishes. He saw, however, England often in his "mind's eye," as he wrote to a friend in England, on the 5th of December, 1815. "Pardon me, my esteemed friend, when I tell you, that although I certainly eat, drink, wake and sleep in Zealand, I may say I have for years lived in the spirit in that country which my eyes shall never behold, the land wherein you reside, and of which Shakspeare has given so matchless a description in Richard II."

It was particularly gratifying to Foersom, that he received from England an acknowledgment of the merits of his translation of Shakspeare. It was given by a worthy fellow-labourer in Shakspeare's cause, Mr Young, who possesses such a knowledge of the Danish language as to be enabled to relish even the writings of Holberg, which, from the numerous localities occurring in them, must be peculiarly difficult to a foreigner.

Foersom received Mr Young's acknowledgments

and best wishes for the success of his undertaking through the medium of the friend of whom he had, in 1810, requested the works of Robert Burns. He returned to Denmark in 1816, and gratified Mr Foersom's wishes in that respect. Foersom was overjoyed at the sight of the books, and in a few days afterwards called, saying, "My dear friend, you could not have brought me a more acceptable present; but, pray, can the English read Burns?"

"No," was the reply; "but you will find that a glossary has been added for their particular benefit."

"So I find," said Mr Foersom; "but I can very well do without that glossary; for all the difficult words are derived from South Jutland, where I was born."

Foersom, doubtless, would thus have become as excellent a translator of Burns as he proved to be of Shakspeare and Thomson. The Cotter's Saturday Night was the first poem which he proposed to translate. But Fate determined otherwise.

After he had completed the First Part of Henry VI. and the first act of the Second, he was seized with a cold one evening in January, 1817, as he was walking home from the house of the English Ambas-

sador, Mr Foster, from whom he had always experienced the utmost kindness. On the thirteenth day of his illness, he died, in the 39th year of his age.

Beloved and respected as Foersom had generally been in life, his death proved a subject of general regret. The people of Denmark behaved upon the melancholy occasion as was their duty to a man who had given the world such splendid proofs of the powers of their language. "Outward signs of woe" were not the only tribute paid to his memory. Provision was made, in various ways, for his wife and family; and there is every reason to hope, that those who were nearest and dearest to him will, in any emergency, possess in the name of PETER FOERSOM an irresistible claim on the gratitude and sympathy of his country.

ENVIRONS OF ELSINORE.

LEAVING Hamlet's Garden, the traveller will enjoy a very pleasant excursion along the sea-shore to Hellebek, a village belonging to Count Schimmelmann, who for many years was one of the cabinet-ministers of Denmark. The situation of this village, close to the sea, combines such a variety of marine and rural scenery as might present many interesting studies to the painter. The beech, the national tree of Denmark, flourishes here in superlative vigour, overtopping the oak, of which, however, many very fine specimens are also observed. Nature in this place seems to be left to herself, and altogether divested of those ornaments which, in too many cases, injure what they were meant to improve. The traveller would scarcely suspect that he was approaching a nobleman's seat when he enters Hellebek. The chief occupation of the inhabitants of this village is in the manufacture of muskets. This has, occasionally, given employment to about 700 persons of different ages. The manufacture is not, however, believed to have yielded the noble proprietor more than 3 per cent., with which, of course, a Bir-

mingham gun-maker would not feel satisfied. The establishment seems to have been conducted entirely upon anti-commercial principles, and, according to Bonstetten, a Swiss traveller, with so scrupulous an observance of the duties of neutrality, that His Excellency refused, in 1797, to execute an order for 50,000 stand of arms, when it was ascertained that they were intended for Ireland.

At a short distance from Hellebek, lies the fishing village of Hornbek, celebrated in the dramatic history of Denmark. It is the scene of an occurrence which does honour to the humanity, disinterestedness, and hardiness of the brave mariners of Denmark.

In the autumn of 1775, an English vessel, laden with barley, and bound for Scotland, was stranded off the coast. The master, Thomas Brown, and five seamen, were placed in the most perilous situation, and all efforts from shore for their relief proved unavailing. By degrees the seamen, exhausted, dropped off the wreck, and the mate, in despair, jumped overboard. A piece of floating timber struck him on the head, and he sank to rise no more. The master, who was thus the only survivor, was eventually brought almost lifeless on shore by three fishermen of the village, Anders Jensen, Peter Jensen, and Svend Baggé, assisted by Jens Larsen and Svend Pedersen, their apprentices.

When the master recovered, he offered these gallant fellows all the money he had about him, but they generously refused to accept it. They did not, however, go unrewarded.

Three merchants resident at Copenhagen, but natives of different countries—John Brown, Esq. a Scotsman; Mr Fabritzius de Tengnagel, a Dane; and Mr Thalbitzer, a German, settled upon each of the aforementioned fishermen 25 dollars per annum, to be divided among the rest when any one died, so that the last survivor would enjoy the whole of the 125 rix-dollars per annum.*

Evald, the poet, who only requires as able a translator as the present tragic poets of Denmark, Oehlen-schlæger and Ingeman, have found in R. P. Gillies, Esq. of Edinburgh, to be acknowledged in this country as a writer of very superior merit, wrote an opera in honour of these gallant fishermen. He introduced the following song, which Mr Archdeacon Coxe considered to be as popular a naval song in Denmark as "Rule Britannia" is in England:

* I am indebted for this fact to my respected friend, Mr Mitchell, who was for many years His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Norway, and is thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the North, even in their minutest details.

" King Christian * took his fearless stand
 'Midst smoke and night ;
 A thousand weapons rang around,
 The red blood spun from many a wound,
 'Midst smoke and steam to the profound
 Sunk Sweden's might !
 ' Fly, sons of Swedes ! what heart may dare
 With Denmark's Christian to compare
 In fight ?'
 " Niels Juel † beheld the storm roll nigh ;
 ' The hour is come !'
 He waves the crimson flag on high,
 The blows in doubling volleys fly,
 ' Tis come,' the foes of Denmark cry,
 ' Our day of doom !
 Fly ye who can ! what warrior dares
 Meet Denmark's Juel, that man prepares
 His tomb !'
 " Sea of the North ! aloft behold
 Thy third bolt fly !
 Thy chilly lap receives the bold,
 For terror fights with Tordenskiold, ‡
 And Sweden's shrieks, like death-bell toll'd,
 Ring through thy sky.

* Christian IV., the most distinguished King of the present dynasty. In the year 1606, he paid his brother-in-law, King James I., a visit, taking with him seven of his largest men-of-war. He gained great popularity during his stay in England.

† A famous admiral, in the reign of Charles II.

‡ Thundershiold, a most intrepid naval warrior, in the reign of George I.

Onward the bolt of Denmark rolls ;
 ' Swedes ! to Heaven commit your souls,
 And fly !'

" Thou darksome deep ! the Dane's path-way
 To might and fame !
 Receive thy friend, whose spirit warm,
 Springs to meet danger's coming form,
 As thy waves rise against the storm,
 And mounts to flame !
 'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread,
 And hasten to my ocean-bed
 Through fame."*

Bonstetten, on visiting the village of Hornbek, in 1798, was so much pleased with the inhabitants, that he remarked, " It is matter of astonishment that the mariners of Denmark should be so much more lively, courageous, and active, than the peasants. The ocean seems to impart to the mariners a portion of its boisterous character, whereas the peasants are affected with somewhat more than Dutch phlegm. This, however, they are evidently losing, since their emancipation, when they were privileged to acquire the rights of property."

The following anecdote, which may serve to illustrate the character of the mariners of Hornbek, is thus

* Poems from the Danish, page 11.

related by Bonstetten: "When Evald's opera was performed, for the first time, at Copenhagen, the identical fishermen were present who were the heroes of the piece. When the performers had gone through a quartetto, one of the fishermen exclaimed, 'Ah! if we had quavered as long as you did, the English captain would have been long gone to the bottom.'"

Having seen more of these gallant men than Mr Bonstetten did, I must add a few facts that have come under my personal observation, to prove that, although the world may have grown much wiser as to the value of money since the year 1775, this class of His Danish Majesty's subjects have preferred a "good name" to that trash which "has been slave to thousands."

On the 3d of November, 1801, it blew one of the most tremendous hurricanes ever remembered in Denmark, and many vessels were lost in the Baltic. Indeed a German accountant, who lived by making out averages, (or statements of damages sustained by the losses of ships), remarked, that he had never seen so profitable a day. A vessel happened to be wrecked off the Three Crowns Battery, near Copenhagen, where she was thrown upon her beam-ends, and many of her crew were swept off by the violence of the sea. The master of the vessel chanced to be on shore.

He offered a large reward to the ferrymen of Copenhagen if they would endeavour to save his crew ; and a most worthy man, a merchant of the name of Staal Hagen, promised an additional reward. But all the efforts of the boatmen to reach the vessel were vain.

At length Lars Baggé, a mariner of Elsinore, came forward, and, without solicitation, or the promise of reward, stepped into his boat, followed by five young men, worthy of sharing in such a hazardous enterprise.

They displayed the greatest skill, and the most undaunted courage ; and eventually accomplished their humane purpose, in saving the survivors of the crew. When they had brought them on shore, the worthy Mr Hagen joyfully seized Baggé's hand, and thrust into it a bank-note of 100 dollars (then about £20). This he instantly returned, saying, that " he and his companions had done no more than their duty."

The present King, then Prince Royal, being informed of the occurrence, immediately ordered a medal of merit to be presented to Baggé, settling, at the same time, a pension upon him, and granting a sum of money for distribution among his brave companions.

Baggé continued to render many essential services in his honourable but perilous profession. At last, however, he perished at sea.

Nor ought the name of another Elsinore boatman, Paul Petersen Gurré, to be omitted, who has been the principal means of rescuing many individuals of different nations from a watery grave. He received, on the 11th of September, 1818, from His Danish Majesty, the medal struck in honour of persons who may save their fellow-creatures from an untimely death. The medal was delivered to him in the presence of all the boatmen of the place, by Commodore Michael Billé. The gallant officer made a seaman-like speech on the occasion, and all departed with impressions which, perhaps, the proudest monarch could not have excited when he held a chapter of his principal order of knighthood.

Having thus seen how the Danish mariners behave, when hazarding their own lives for the preservation of their fellow-creatures, it remains for me to have the pleasure of bearing testimony to their unwearied and gallant efforts in asserting the cause of their country, when called upon for its defence. To make a preference, where so many individuals possess equally strong claims to notice, might seem an invidious task; but were I silent upon the subject, I should

prove myself insensible to the public and private obligations I was laid under while collecting views and materials for this work. The services that were rendered me by Captain Lind of Elsinore, and the delightful moments I passed on board his vessel, while exploring the beauties of the Sound, I hope will be an apology for singling out one instance of enterprise, to which I am conscious that numberless comparisons might be found in the naval annals of his country.

Captain Lind, during the late war, commanded a privateer called the Countess of Danneskiold, and was often engaged in the most desperate enterprises. On the 19th of December 1813, he dashed in among a Swedish convoy which lay at anchor off Landscrona. Although the Swedish vessels of war several times chased him away, he succeeded at last in boarding a Swedish galliot; but at the moment he had got the vessel under weigh, he was attacked by a launch sent out from a Swedish line-of-battle ship, and manned with two officers and forty hands. Lind took his own crew on board the galliot, and three several times repulsed the Swedes. Hoping to detain the launch, and thus gain some time, on their fourth approach he cut away the privateer: but the Swedes suffered her to go adrift, and pushed with all their might for the galliot. Lind was fully prepared to renew the contest, when the enemy again tried to board, fighting sword

in hand, and keeping up a fire of musketry. They were five times on the point of boarding the galliot, but were as often repulsed, and ultimately left the gallant Lind to carry off his prize, which he brought in safety and uninjured to Elsinore. He lost three men, among whom was his own brother; but they did not fall unrevenged. Eight Swedes were killed, and several wounded.*

When the traveller turns into the interior from the coast, if he is a lover of antiquities, he may feel interested in a visit to the ruins of Söeborg Castle, which was one of the principal residences of the Kings of Denmark in the middle ages. From a notice supplied by my learned friend Professor Werlauff, a town appears to have been situated near the castle, on a peninsula in the lake, which was drained in the year 1795, and in a great measure converted into meadowland. In early times, several state prisoners were confined in this castle; and the Semiramis of the North, as Queen Margaret has been called, we are informed, was born here under rather curious circumstances. King Valdemar Atterdag, in a fit of jealousy, caused his queen Helvig to be immured in this castle. She once, however, contrived, in place of another woman

* Exploits of Danish and Norwegian Naval Heroes, from 1797 to 1813. By J. P. With. P. 237.

whom he was to meet, to be introduced to the King; and Margaret, who effected the union of the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, at Calmar, proved the fruit of the interview.

The remains of the monastery at Esrom deserve to be visited, as they may show with what good taste the monks selected one of the most beautiful situations in the island for their residence. It was originally one of the most opulent and considerable monasteries in the North, and of the Cistercian order. Its name, perhaps, might, without much impropriety, be substituted in the following lines :

“ O the monks of Melrose made gude kale •

On Fridays when they fasted ;

They wanted neither beef nor ale,

As long as their neighbours' lasted.”

Indeed the monks of Esrom led a very merry life, through the wicked agency of the devil, who had gained admittance to the monastery by the name of Friar Ruus, and served in the capacity of cook. The legendary history of this remarkable personage is sufficiently amusing. Mr Thiele, in his work already spoken of, gives it in the following manner :

• Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto the First, Note XXII. *Kale*, Broth. In Danish *Kaal*, a very popular dish.

“It is related, when the devil once saw how piously and virtuously the monks of Esrom lived, that he assumed the human form, and knocked at the gate of the monastery, saying that his name was Ruus. Pretending to be a cook’s apprentice, as such he was engaged by the abbot. But, being once alone with the master-cook, he showed disobedience, for which he received chastisement. At this he felt very wroth; and as he had previously put a kettle of water on the fire, he laid hold of the master-cook, when he perceived the kettle boiled, and thrust him into it head foremost. He then ran about and screamed, lamenting the misfortune that had happened to his master. Thus he deceived all the friars of the monastery in such a manner, that they thought him perfectly guiltless, and made him master-cook. This was exactly what he had aspired to, so that afterwards he might work out their destruction. He now dressed their victuals so lusciously, that the monks forgot both fasting and prayer, and gave themselves up to good living. Nay, it is even said that he brought women into the monastery, and thus ingratiated himself highly with the abbot, who even prevailed upon Ruus to become a friar, wishing nothing so much as to have such a cook about him. From that time quarrels and wickedness spread to such an extent in the monastery, that it certainly would have come into the power of the Evil One, if the monks had not seasonably left off their vi-

cious ways. It so happened, that Ruus was once in a wood, where he observed a fine fat cow. He killed her, taking a quarter along with him to the monastery, and hanging up the remainder on a tree in the wood. The peasant to whom the cow belonged came soon afterwards; and when he saw the three quarters hanging on the tree, he determined to watch in another tree, until the thief should come to fetch the rest. While he was sitting there, he observed how the devil's imps played their pranks in the wood, talking much about Ruus, and how he designed to invite the abbot and his monks to an entertainment with himself in hell. The peasant was terribly frightened at this, and went next day to the abbot, relating all that he had seen and heard in the wood. On this the abbot called all the monks together in the church, and began to read and sing. Ruus, who had never shown any particular relish for such devotional services, attempted to sneak out; but the abbot seized him by the cloak, and exorcised him into the shape of a red horse, committing him to the power of hell. For a long time after this occurrence, the iron kettle and gridiron belonging to Ruus were still shown in the monastery of Esrom."

The gridiron, which is thus said to belong to the chattels left behind by the exorcised devil, at no distance of time was preserved at Esrom, and shewn as

a piece of great antiquity. Indeed it was considered of such importance, that the celebrated Petrus Resenius deemed it worthy of being represented in his "*Atlas Danicus*." The intelligent Professor Molbech, in his "*Juvenile Wanderings*," adds to our information regarding the personal adventures of Ruus:—"After being exorcised, the abbot constrained him, by way of punishment for his wicked intentions, to proceed to England, and without intermission to return, bringing with him through the air as much lead as amounted to 320,000 pound-weight, for the roof of the monastery."

In the neighbourhood of Esrom His Danish Majesty has established some sheep-walks for the improvement of the native breed, chiefly by means of Spanish crosses. In the year 1797, the King ordered 200 Spanish sheep, and some horses, to be purchased. The commission was intrusted to Mr Schousboe, a gentleman of great scientific acquirements and diplomatic talents, and Mr Nielsen, the present master of the King's stud, who has resided several years in England, and is a perfect master of his profession. They proceeded to Spain. Through M. de Rochel, a charge d'affaires at Madrid, who possessed great influence with the Prince of Paz, they obtained permission for the exportation of 300 instead of 200 sheep; and on their arrival at Madrid, Messrs Schousboe and Nielsen

procured leave to select 50 sheep and rams from among six of the most celebrated cavannas, viz.

Paular, the property of the Prince of Paz,
 Escorial,.....Monastery of St Ildefonso,
 Negretti,.....Count Campo d'Alanje,
 Guadaloupe,.....Convent of the same name,
 And from the flocks of the Duke of Infantados and
 the Count of Montarco.

It was found impossible to obtain any sheep from the flock called Bejar, which was one of the best cavannas in Spain, and had been expressly named in the instructions given by the Danish government. The Countess of Fernando Nunez, to whom the flock then belonged, considered it a political sin to allow other countries to partake in benefits which Spain ought exclusively to possess; because, in her opinion, sheep formed one of the most important sources of wealth to the country, and of revenue to the state. The Duke of Infantados avowed similar principles, and had already refused them permission to purchase from his flocks; but Mr Schousboe, who is a great botanist, became acquainted with the Abbé Cavanilles, the Duke's former tutor, who was also a botanist; and as this gentleman in a great measure influenced the Duke's decisions, permission was at last granted by his Grace.

Three hundred and fourteen Spanish sheep and rams were thus obtained, at the rate of about £1, 4s. per head. The Danish commissioners then proceeded to Andalusia, and purchased from the stud of the Carthusians at Xeres de la Frontera a brown stallion, called Africano, nine years old, for 1875 rix-dollars (then about £370). From Don Maria Diego di Roy, in the same place, they obtained a dapple stallion, called Zamora, seven or eight years old, at the same price; besides five mares from the stud of the Carthusians and Colonel Don Francisco Urbaneia of Xeres, at £75 each.

The expenses incurred by these purchases amounted to about £3600. The horses and sheep arrived safe at Elsinore on the 4th of October 1798. Only fourteen sheep died on the passage from disease, and two were carried off by a Spanish privateer, who demanded them for food to his crew.

For these particulars I am indebted to my ingenious friend, Mr Charles Viborg, Veterinary Professor of Copenhagen, who has published an historical account of the introduction and diffusion of Spanish sheep in Denmark.

When I visited Esrom in 1818, I took occasion to inquire into the state of the sheep-walks, and obtained

various particulars from the superintendent, Mr Rosenstand, a worthy old gentleman, who gave me a most kind and hearty welcome, and, during the pleasant hours I passed with him, furnished me with a great deal of interesting information relative to Greenland, where he had resided many years in the capacity of a factor.

In conformity to the directions of His Danish Majesty, promulgated on the 28th of March, 1800, Spanish rams were to be let out to the farmers, on condition that they destroyed their own coarse-woolled rams, and paid a fair sum for the loan of the Spanish rams. Agriculturists of eminence were to be supplied with from four to eight rams, and from three to six ewes, at £2 Sterling per ram, and 16s. per ewe; and no ram or ewe was to be exported, under a penalty of £10. In 1817, however, the government permitted their exportation, on payment of the usual duties; and in 1818 the permission was prolonged for three years: but in 1820, Professor Viborg states, no use had yet been made of the permission. Rams had, however, been sold to the inhabitants of the country at an average price of 60 dollars, and sheep at 50 dollars, nominal value; but as the learned gentleman does not state how many dollars nominal value made one dollar in silver at the time, it is impossible to give the precise price in Sterling money. Mr Rosenstand informed

me, that rams were sold by auction in October 1817, at an average price of £2 or £3. Rams are now let out gratis to the peasantry.

There were in 1818 about 730 sheep and lambs at Esrom. They were all healthy, and in good condition, apparently thriving very well in a northern climate, although a personage of great consideration at Elsinore, when the sheep were landed, inquired whether Spanish air had been brought along with them.* When very young, the lambs became subject to rheumatic attacks, proceeding from draughts of wind; but they were very hardy when full-grown. They had improved in fineness of wool, which was probably the result of better treatment. A sheep generally yielded six or seven, and a ram seven or eight, pounds of wool. The produce of two years was then lying at the King's stud at Frederiksborg, waiting for purchasers. Samples had, I believe, been sent to England. It had never happened at Esrom, that a Spanish ewe yeanned more than one lamb, which was considered as a proof of the genuineness of the breed. In winter the sheep were fed on hay and rye-straw. Experiments which had been made to feed them with potatoes did not succeed.

There is reason to apprehend that this excellent

* Professor Viborg's Treatise, p. 32.

establishment has not yet been productive of the beneficial results that may have been hoped for. It is an undertaking which, in its origin and progress, is well entitled to the approbation and support of Danish patriots. The exertions of Messrs Schousboe and Nielsen in procuring the sheep in the first instance, have been already favourably noticed; and similar praise is due to the continued care of the latter gentleman in superintending the establishment. In this respect, however, it is just to observe, that he has been ably assisted by his brother-in-law, Professor Viborg, senior, whose veterinary and other scientific works are well known.

Esrom is also remarkable for a canal four miles long, thirty feet broad, and ten feet deep, which was completed, after three years' labour, in 1805, at an expense of £12,000 for the purpose of connecting the ocean with Esrom Lake, and thus to facilitate the transportation of wood from the King's forests to Copenhagen. Objections have indeed been made to the course of the canal, which, in the opinion of some, ought to have taken a southerly direction, and thus the circuitous and dangerous passage through the Cattegat by the Sound would have been avoided. The canal, however, as it is, has proved to be very beneficial, and will, I hope, be succeeded by similar attempts

to promote the prosperity of the country, by means of the lakes and rivulets with which it abounds.

The scenery of Esrom, as has been already observed, is extremely beautiful. I fancied myself very often in the meadows of Worcestershire, or on the banks of the Thames about Richmond and Twickenham. Indeed it is with very great propriety that the Rev. Mr Wedel* of Everdrup in Zealand applies the following lines on Grongar Hill to Esrom:

“ Below me trees unnumber’d rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!”

Gurré is the next place of interest in this part of Zealand. An old king of Denmark, Valdemar Atterdag, was so partial to the situation, that he called it his heaven; declaring, at the same time, that God might keep heaven to himself, if he would only allow him to keep Gurré. The circumstance, however, which contributed most to heighten King Valdemar’s

* Journey through the principal and most beautiful Provinces of Denmark in 1799—1804. Odense, 1806. Vol. II. p. 34.

relish for the natural beauties of Gurré, has since been exquisitely touched upon by Sir Walter Scott :

“ For love is heaven, and heaven is love.”

Thiele relates, that King Valdemar was most passionately fond of Tovelillé, a woman from the island of Rugen, in the Baltic. When she died, his grief was so excessive, that he was unable to leave her corpse, but carried it along with him wherever he went. This proved in the course of time very troublesome to the king's attendants, one of whom took a favourable opportunity to examine the body, in order to discover what spell it might be that rivetted the king's affections so powerfully. He found an enchanted ring, which her mother had placed on her finger, in order, even after her death, to secure her in the king's favour. The courtier took the ring off her finger, when the king's attachment instantly vanished, and he ordered the corpse to be buried. The king's whole attention was then diverted to the courtier, who was still in possession of the ring. Every thing that was to be done could only be performed by the new favourite, who at last found this very troublesome, well knowing that he had to thank the ring for the king's attachment. He therefore threw it into a morass, as he was once riding through Gurré Wood. From that moment the king felt happier in the wood than in any other place. He built Gurré Castle, and hunted day and night in

the neighbourhood. He thus contracted the habit of uttering the words which afterwards became a curse to him, saying, that God might keep heaven, if he were only allowed to hunt in Gurré."

"King Valdemar now rides every night "from Burré to Gurré," and is known all over the country as the Flying Huntsman. In some places he is called the Flying Marcolfus. When he makes his approach, great hallooing and cracking of whips are heard in the air. People then step aside, placing themselves behind trees. The whole of Valdemar's hunting-party soon make their appearance. His coal-black hounds open the train: they run to and fro, scenting the ground, their long flaming tongues hanging out of their throats. Then comes "Wolmar," prancing along on his white steed, and at times holding his own head under the left arm. On meeting any person, especially old people, he orders them to hold a brace of his dogs. Sometimes he leaves the dogs with them for several hours, or immediately fires a shot. When the dogs hear it, all bonds and fetters instantly burst. While Valdemar is thus ranging about the wood, he is heard to shut the gateways very hard after him. In some parts of the country, where the road leads through a farm, he rides through one gate and out at another, which burst open at his approach: as no locks are strong enough to hinder his progress. Thus he is

wont, especially about Christmas, to drive with four white horses through Ibs Farm, in the village of Høiby, in the district of Odds. There is said to be a farm at Bistrup, in the vicinity of Roeskilde, where the gates are left open in the night, because Valdemar is said to have several times forced open the locks. In some places, he takes his race even over houses; and in the neighbourhood of Herlufsholm, in the south of Zealand, there is said to be a house, the roof of which is considerably sunk in the middle, because he so very often drives over it. In North Zealand, he possesses another Gurré, still called Valdemar's Castle, of which ruins may yet be seen. It is the custom here for old women to go out in the night at St John's Tide and open the gates on the road for him. About two miles from Gurré, is Valdemar's Hill, which is surrounded by water. According to tradition, six priests, dressed in black, walk at midnight muttering through the island. Between the villages of Söllerod and Nærum, he hunts with black dogs and horses on Wolmar's Road, as it is called."

"Having thus run up and down the country, he takes rest alternately in various places. It is particularly related, that he takes up his residence in Valløe Castle, where a bedchamber, with two ready-made beds, is kept for him. Here he passes the night in the shape of a black dog. This room also contains two

large chests, which, on being opened, were found to be filled with small round pieces of leather; "for better money they had none in King Wolmar's time." A subterraneous passage is said to connect Valløe Castle with Töllösegaard, in the bailiwick of Holbek. Here he is also said to have a chamber, and formerly a maid-servant was kept to wait upon him. Sometimes he takes repose at Vordingborg, in Valdemar's Tower, or in the ruins of Valdemar's Castle, where virgins and other persons from his time are seen to make beds. Once a peasant, who would not believe that the king came in this manner to his tower, ventured to pass a night there. At midnight, King Valdemar entered, greeted him kindly, and said, "Thou shalt have thanks, that thou takest care of my tower!" giving him, at the same time, a gold coin. When the peasant took it, it burnt a round hole through his hand, and fell as a piece of coal to the ground. To judge from these terrible coins, it is concluded, that he must endure extreme agony. It happens, however, at times, that when an old man or woman has held his dogs faithfully for some hours, he throws something to them, which appears like coal. On examination, it is found to be pure gold."

It will be seen that King Valdemar hunts in the woods of Denmark as King Arthur does in those of England. But the English king is never seen; only

the sound of the horns and dogs is heard ; and when any person calls after him, he receives for answer, " We are King Arthur and his kinsmen."

The scenery of Gurré is of a very sombre and romantic character. The lake is nearly on all sides environed by lofty forests of beech and oak, stretching down to the water's edge. The general tranquillity, and, indeed, solitude of Gurré, is not much interrupted by the bustling pursuits of man. Some peasant boy tending cattle, or peasant girl gathering wild berries, seem chiefly to animate the scene. The tenderest of Danish poets, Ingeman, would delight to breathe here his amatory strains :

" What is it, dear maid, that enraptures me so ?

What holds my fond heart in a chain of control ?

Can the fragile attire of thy spirit below

Be match'd with the glories that beam in thy soul ?

" Is the throne of thy conquest thy soft lip of roses,

Or the flexible charm of thy bright blue eye ?

Is the temple where grandeur or sweetness reposes

The soft-heaving breast, or the forehead high ?

" Oh ! lovely's thine eye, but more lovely shines through it

The spirit unwasted, unwither'd by time :

The frame may be fair, through whose crystal we view it,

But fairer within is the picture sublime.

" And sweet are thy lips, but more sweet they unfold

The soft tones of music, the language of love :

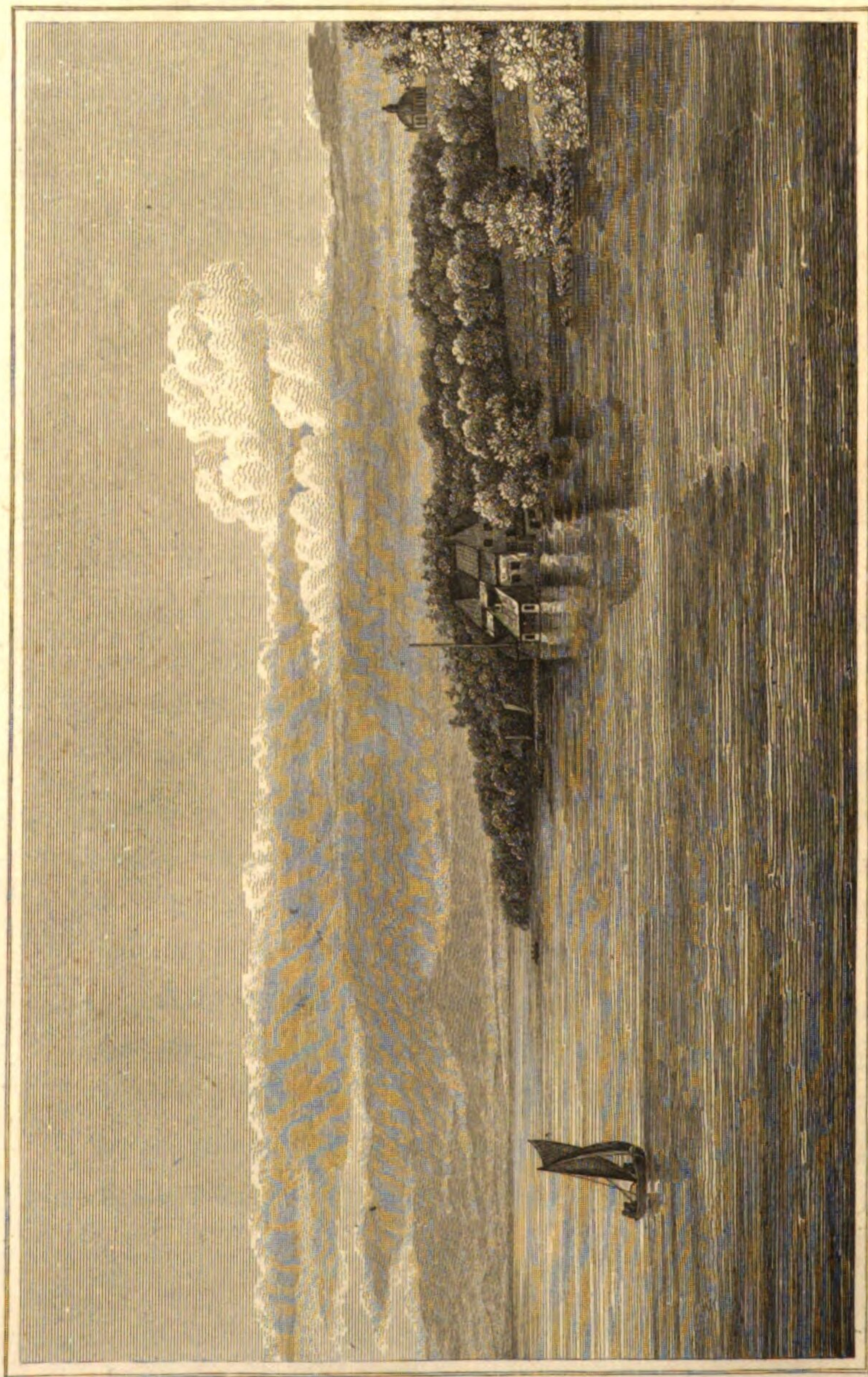
I value the harp for its strings of gold,
But I value its accents the gold-strings above.

“ And thy breast, like the arch of the temple ascending,
Is fair, but it swells o’er a heart more divine ;
I love the white arches in majesty bending,
But worship the god that’s enthroned in the shrine.

“ ’Tis this, dearest maid, that enraptures me so,
’Tis this holds my heart in a chain of control ;
I love the attire of thy spirit below,
But reverence the glories that beam in thy soul.”*

At the southern extremity of the lake, a worthy old English gentleman, John Good, Esq., possesses a comfortable house, with excellent gardens, shrubberies, and lawns. Here he passes the evening of a well-spent life in the society of an amiable and accomplished daughter, seemingly with as ardent an attachment to Gurré as King Valdemar felt. In the vicinity, many other residents of Elsinore pass the summer; and some of the English merchants have villas, among which Fairy-hill, the property of Consul Fenwick, gives no bad idea of a comfortable little English country seat. A number of Scottish and English farmers have also settled in the neighbourhood, and I believe, by means of their superior systems of husbandry, rendered the country essential services.

* Poems from the Danish, page 61.



Drawn by Pedersen from a Picture by Dahl

Eng. by W.B. Lewis

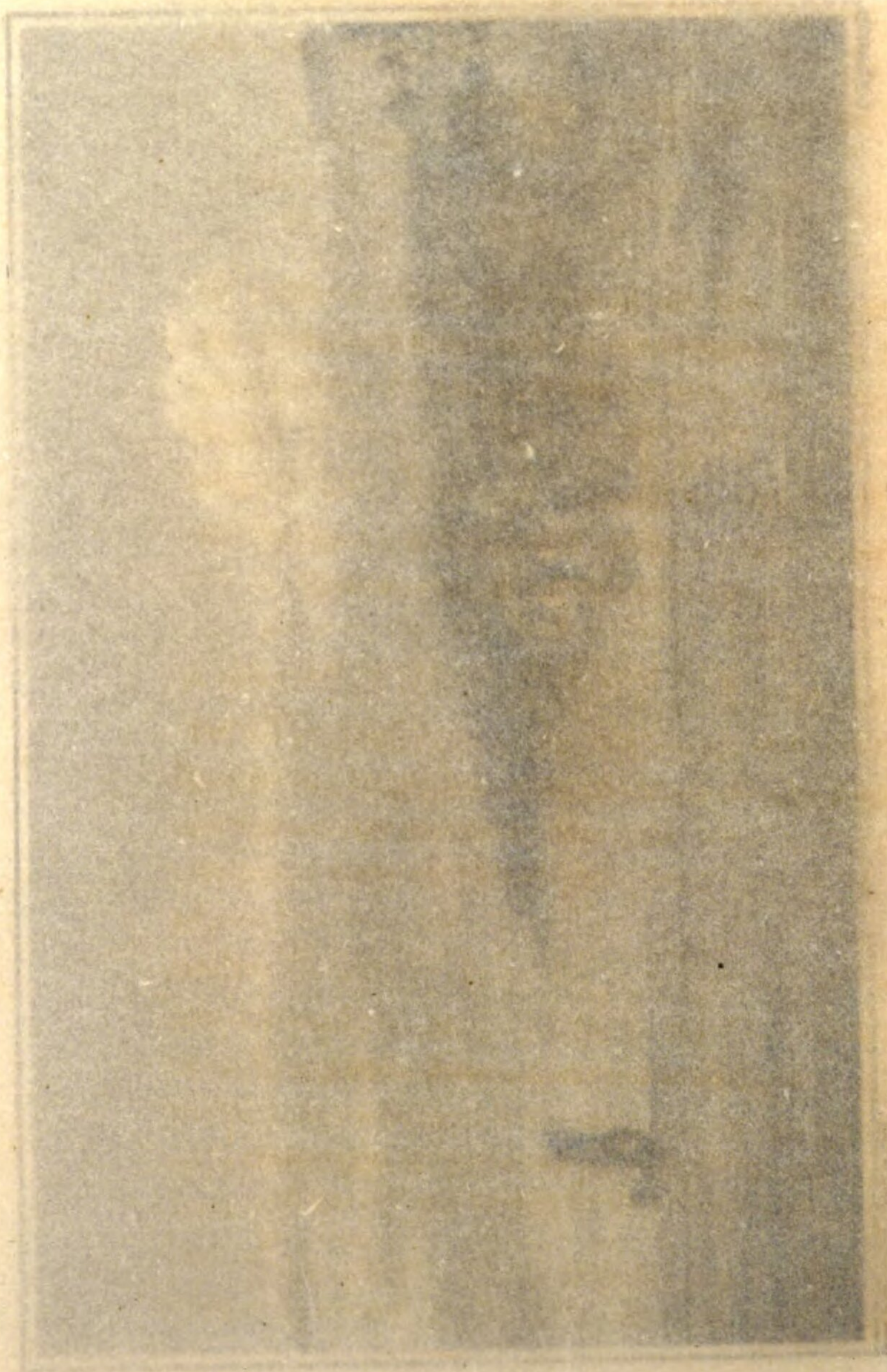
VIEW ON ESROM LAKE

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

FREDENSBORG.

The traveller will be highly delighted, whether he proceed from Copenhague through the woods, or along the regular Ekebohm road to Fredensborg, a gay-looking village, where King Frederick IV. built a palace, called the Castle of Peace. A treaty with Sweden was signed here in 1720, after which Denmark enjoyed uninterrupted peace for eighty years.

It is impossible to describe by words the beauties of this situation, which unites all the constituents of a perfect landscape—hill, wood, dale, and water. Although this view has been admirably represented on canvas by Duss, it was found impossible to give any thing like a just idea of it by means of an engraving brought within the dimensions of this work. I therefore selected the annexed view of the boat-house on Esrom Lake, with the magnificent avenues and clumps of trees stretching up to the palace of Fredensborg. When seen on a calm summer's evening, it has always appeared to me the most striking feature in this landscape, ever since I spent on the banks of the lake in that happy age, the delights of which few poets



FREDENSBORG.

THE traveller will be highly delighted, whether he proceed from Gurré through the woods, or along the regular Elsinore road to Fredensborg, a gay-looking village, where King Frederick IV. built a palace, called the Castle of Peace. A treaty with Sweden was signed here in 1720, since which Denmark enjoyed uninterrupted peace for eighty years.

It is impossible to describe by words the beauties of this situation, which unites all the constituents of a perfect landscape—hill, wood, dale, and water. Although this view has been admirably represented on canvass by Dahl, it was found impossible to give any thing like a just idea of it by means of an engraving brought within the dimensions of this work. I therefore selected the annexed view of the boat-house on Esrom Lake, with the magnificent avenues and clumps of trees stretching up to the palace of Fredensborg. When seen on a calm summer's evening, it has always appeared to me the most striking feature in this landscape, ever since I sported on the banks of the lake in that happy age, the delights of which few poets

have more feelingly pourtrayed than Baggesen in the following stanzas :

“ There was a time, and I recall it well,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height ;
Oh ! when I think of that, my warm tears swell,
And therefore in the memory I delight.

“ I sported in my mother’s kind embraces,
And climb’d my grandsire’s venerable knee ;
Unknown were care, and rage, and sorrow’s traces ;
To me the world was blest as blest could be.

“ I mark’d no frowns the world’s smooth surface wrinkle,
Its mighty space seem’d little to my eye ;
I saw the stars, like sparks, at distance twinkle,
And wish’d myself a bird to soar so high.

“ I saw the moon behind the hills retiring,
And thought the while—Oh ! would I were but there !
Then could mine eye examine without tiring
That radiant thing, how large, how round, how fair.

“ Wond’ring I saw the sun of God depart
To slumber in the golden lap of even,
And from the east again in beauty dart
To bathe in crimson all the field of heaven.

“ I thought on him, the Father all-bestowing,
Who made me, and that beauteous orb on high,
And all the little stars, that, nightly glowing,
Deck’d like a row of pearls the azure sky.

“ To Him with infant piety I faulter’d
 The prayer my pious mother taught to me :
 ‘ Oh ! gracious God ! be it my aim unalter’d,
 Still to be wise and good, and follow thee !’

“ For her I pray’d, and for my father too,
 My sister dear, and the community ;
 The king, whom yet by name alone I knew,
 And mendicant that sighing totter’d by.

“ Those days were matchless sweet—but they are perish’d,
 And life is thorny now, and dim, and flat ;
 Yet rests their memory—deeply—fondly cherish’d ;
 God ! in thy mercy take not—take not that.” *

Various opinions have been entertained respecting the architecture of the palace of Fredensborg. Molbech says it is built in good taste. Ramdohr, on the contrary, pronounces the style to be bad. Bonstetten does not think very highly of the collection of pictures in this palace ; and Reussner, with some few exceptions, considers them as wretched daubs, while Ramdohr supplies the reader with a detailed and flattering *Catalogue Raisonné* of them. Now

“ Who shall decide, when doctors disagree ?”

Bonstetten was singularly struck with a full-sized portrait of “ Sweden’s Madman,” in large boots, and

* Poems from the Danish, page 44.

resting on his sword. The character of Charles XII., it seems, was only discoverable in that position. There appeared so little of ferocious courage in his physiognomy, that Bonstetten, Mrs Brun, and the rest of the party, wondered at his resemblance to Bonnet, the great Psychologist, into whose angelic soul the thought of destruction had never strayed.*

Ramdohr, while giving a long list of pictures by Everdingen, Poelemburg, D. Rickaert, Berghem, Begin, Mieris the elder, Terburg, Ferdinand Boll, Huchtenburg, Schalcken, Teniers, and Ostade, mentions two paintings by Gerhard Dow, of which it may not be uninteresting to give an account in the words of the late Professor Abildgaard, Thorvaldsen's principal teacher of drawing. It has been copied from the manuscript catalogue in Fredensborg Palace:

"The picture marked No 113, represents a hermit on his knees before a crucifix. The delicacy with which this exquisite piece is painted surpasses all description, and the immense industry bestowed upon it has excited the admiration, not only of connoisseurs like Schlingeland, but of others. In contemplating the artist's ingenuity, you forget the pains he has

* The Works of Karl Viktor, v. Bonstetten in German. Copenhagen. Vol. II. page 36.

taken. This excellent work is uncommonly well drawn, the rules of chiaro-scuro are judiciously observed, and the colouring is warm and strong, yet mellow as in a painting on enamel. It is not quite decided who is the author of this beautiful piece, but it was doubtless executed either by Gerhard Dow or Matthew Newen. Ramdohr does not hesitate to attribute it to Dow, but I am inclined to think it done by Newen. Be the artist, however, who he may, I conceive this painting to be one of the very best in this collection, and it would be distinguished in every collection, not only for its rarity, but as a masterpiece of art.

“ No 114 is another picture which may be reckoned among the best in this collection. It represents a domestic scene: a little boy carrying some puppies in a basket, which he places on the table. The master of the house holds the mother of the puppies. She is anxious to reach them, but is prevented by the threats of a woman, who holds a parrot in one of her hands. In the back-ground is a girl with an infant in her arms, putting forth its hands for the dog.

“ There is great expression in this picture; the composition is good, and the colouring vigorous, yet, upon the whole, somewhat variegated. It is incredible what pains the artist has taken with this work, and it

is particularly to be regretted that it seems to have been his object to convince the beholder of the labour he has bestowed upon it. The subject of the piece is forgotten in looking at it; the observer's attention is chiefly occupied by minutiae, for instance the threads of the clothes, &c. This, as well as the former painting, is very valuable. Ramdohr entertains no doubt of its being the work of Gerhard Dow, and considers it to be one of the best paintings Denmark possesses. I am of opinion, however, that it was done by Peter Schlingeland, not because his name is inscribed upon it, but because the light and shade do not melt together, nor is the tone of colouring altogether so harmonious as in Dow's works."

The gardens of Fredensborg have also been variously described by different travellers, ladies as well as gentlemen. Some find them very interesting, if not in the newest style, others grand and magnificent, although on the old plan; others again think them stiff, melancholy, and neglected, being environed by lofty pines, which exclude views on the adjacent lake, render breathing difficult, and expose the visitor to swarms of gnats where he expected to sit in odorous groves, listening to melodious breezes. A most ingenious gentleman, the D'Israeli of Denmark,* who

* Mr Solomon Soldin, editor of the Picture of Copenhagen, by far

seems in his writings to display the humour of Swift and the pathos of Sterne, describes, with much feeling, the desolate condition of Fredensborg:

“Even that beautiful spot, the Norwegian Valley,†” he says, “has felt the effects of neglect, in regard to the stone figures placed there. Dancers with one leg, and fiddlers with one arm, may be seen.—Weeds and grass shoot up unmolested round Wiedewelt’s masterpieces, and every thing appears to be left to itself.”

“Although the gardens have not been laid out in the English style, there is something imposing about them, which surpasses all idea. From their vast extent, and stiff, yet majestic avenues, the tops of the trees appearing to be lost in the clouds, they may be justly esteemed the principal gardens in Denmark. A person who has not been there before may easily lose his way, unless he has a guide. I chose an old man for the purpose, who was exceedingly well acquainted with the place, and able to relate a thousand things of

the best periodical publication in Denmark. From this he has since reprinted some very interesting accounts of his excursions in the country, in a work called the Humourist.

† A circular spot, on which sixty-five figures of sandstone, representing the different costumes of Norway, are placed.

the court, from the time he had lived there. He had, it would seem, served as water-carrier to a footman, in the service of a footman to a valet, who held the place of valet to a Prince's *valet de chambre*. Hence it will be seen through how many channels court intelligence must frequently pass before it can reach the ears of the historian. My old guide always spoke in a tone, as if he had filled one of the chief offices about court."

"When we came to a particular avenue, my loquacious old conductor said, 'This avenue was planted by King Frederick V., of blessed memory, and his courtiers. I shall never forget,' continued he, smiling, 'when Count ——— received the blue riband here.' I inquired for the particulars, and he went on. 'Oh! I will tell you, sir. When I was a little boy I stood here on this very spot, just as I may do now, enjoying myself with looking at the great lords, how they laboured at digging and wheeling rubbish, while the sweat trickled down their foreheads. The Count was to wheel a barrow full of mould; but he said that he could not wheel the barrow without a pair of braces,* and begged the King to lend him his riband. The King, who was goodness itself, gave it him. 'Many

* He was already Knight of the order of the Danebrog, which is worn in a white riband. That of the Elephant, the principal order in Denmark, is worn in a blue.

thanks,' said the Count, 'now I have got a pair.' He then wheeled off his barrow. The King laughed, and the Count kept the riband. Now, was not that very funny, sir?"

"I could not but laugh at the credulous mien with which the old man related this anecdote, which probably is either altogether fictitious, or, at least, has been greatly distorted. I can never persuade myself that the first badges of honour in the state were ever given away in such a manner.

"The gardens contain many statues and vases, and monuments erected by Queen Juliana Maria, in honour of her consort and son.

"I felt some singularly strange sensations at the sight of so much royal magnificence and so much labour, in which many years had been consumed—to think that such an earthly Eden should be in a manner altogether deserted by human beings, and lost to the present times. I could not endure to stay in the place, but hastened out of the gardens, somewhat like Adam, when he had tasted of the forbidden fruit. I sought relief abroad, and never returned to Fredensborg."

It will be necessary to supply a few notices on the

preceding description, which was written in 1807. I abstain from discussing the truth of the story of the riband, merely suggesting, that the knights whom Gulliver saw made in Lulliput* were, perhaps, just as meritorious as some Swift saw dubbed in this world. Frederick V. has been deservedly styled *Amor et deliciæ Danorum*, and he was well known to love a joke. Of this the modern antique in Fredensborg Gardens furnishes an amusing proof. Perhaps the humorous Count suggested the hint, and procured His Majesty a good deal of laughing, at the expense of pedants who came from Germany to examine monuments of northern antiquities, and bestowed particular attention on the modern antique, which was sufficiently larded with inscriptions to have puzzled Captain Grose himself. Mr Ramdohr, who plumed himself much on his knowledge of vertu, &c., seems to have fallen into the trap; and Mr Matthison chuckles not a little at the happy conceit. Now, where would be the great harm if a generous and good-hearted King rewarded a piece of wit or humour with a piece of riband? A knight with some of Sir John Falstaff's wit at the Court of Denmark at that period was perhaps a *rara avis*.

What Mr Soldin says of poor Wieldewelt's works

* Voyage to Lulliput. Swift's Works, vol. XII. page 51. Sir Walter Scott's edition.

is still but too true. I observed, with mingled sensations, that Thorvaldsen had inscribed his name on one of Wieldewelt's works during his late visit to Fredensborg.

The Norwegian Valley likewise continues in a sad state of dilapidation. What Thorvaldsen must have thought at the sight of these monsters, as Ramdohr calls them ! They certainly should be removed. Motives of political delicacy may perhaps render it inexpedient to replace similar figures, of better workmanship. But Thorvaldsen could perhaps be prevailed upon to give expression to his thoughts and feelings in the Norwegian Valley, by some emanation of his genius. He might, at the same time, convey a sense of his public and private obligations to some of the principal parties in the transfer of Norway, who have bestowed various marks of their individual favour on the great sculptor of Denmark. The Emperor of Russia, it will be recollected, has given him an order for an equestrian statue of Poniatowsky ; the Emperor of Austria has conferred on him the order of the Iron Crown ; and His Prussian Majesty gave him an order, which afforded him an opportunity of proving his generous disinterestedness.*

* An order for some statues having been sent to Thorvaldsen by the King of Prussia, the sculptor, in return, begged leave to inform

The mind is forcibly struck at Fredensborg with a subject unequivocally grateful to the feelings of every well-wisher to this country. The unflattering picture which Lord Molesworth drew of the condition of the Danish peasantry, about the end of the seventeenth century, we may naturally suppose was correct, since it has been confirmed with much eloquence and feeling by Danish historians of a still later period.* It must therefore be gratifying to those who possess a just sense of the rights of their fellow-creatures in the inferior walks of life, to find the condition of the people ameliorated in an eminent degree. Such a pleasing picture of moral and physical happiness I could not but be interested in beholding, when I had the opportunity, in this place, to compare the present with the past condition of the Danish peasantry.

It was on a fine Sunday afternoon; the gardens were crowded with peasants of both sexes. The men carried themselves with an erectness which, in their fathers and grandfathers, would of itself have been deemed an unpardonable offence to the lords, who

His Majesty, that one of his own subjects, a sculptor, resident like himself at Rome, was as well, if not better, qualified to execute the work. In consequence of his letter, Rudolf Schadow, the Prussian, received the order.

* See Historical Delineations of Denmark, by my very excellent and trust-worthy friend, Professor Nyerup.

held them by the same tenure as they held other live stock. In their dress, the peasants were neat to a degree that betokened easy circumstances, and a deliverance (if Goldsmith's disabled soldier was right in hating the French because they wore wooden shoes) from outward badges of slavery. Like other districts of the country, the north of Zealand had its peculiar costume; but within the last twenty years, the men's dress has been in a great measure changed for blue jackets, pantaloons, boots, and round hats. It added much to my pleasure in looking at these peasants, so unlike those described by Bonstetten, that there did not appear among them any particular disposition to spend their time and money in dissipation. But Foersom's *bosom-friend*, Mr Öllgaard, is rector of the adjacent parishes of Asminderöd and Grönholt, and, as archdeacon of North Zealand, he has a still more extensive sphere of salutary influence on the religious and moral dispositions of the peasantry.

The women appeared to deserve, in a high degree, the encomiums bestowed upon Danish beauty by a gallant officer,* who has had ample opportunities, during extensive travels in France, Italy, Switzerland, Ger-

* Author of some Accounts of Travels in Italy and France, inserted in Professor Nyerup's Magazine of Voyages and Travels performed by Danes.

many, and England, to mature his judgment on the subject, and has finally awarded the prize of beauty to his countrywomen. They appeared, more than the men, to be tenacious of their ancient costume, still displaying in their dress all the hues of the rainbow; the red, however, always predominating.

According to the custom of continental countries, after divine service the younger of the peasantry formed themselves into groups here and there in the gardens, "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" to some national tune struck up by a wooden-legged or blind fiddler. Those who have been brought up in different notions of the sanctity of the Sabbath, will naturally object to what they deem profanation. But, taking all local circumstances into consideration, it is at all events a positive good, that the lower orders prefer the enjoyment of some healthful, and comparatively innocent, recreation abroad to the carousals of an alehouse. How frequently do we see finance ministers, in countries justly famed for a strict observance of the Sabbath, reduced to the miserable shift of affording a temporary supply to an exhausted treasury by conniving at dissolute habits? I trust His Excellency the Danish Minister of Finance may be preserved from the dreadful necessity of assigning the expectant virtue of his country for any sum of money.

It may be proper to observe, that Fredensborg is not altogether deserted by royalty, being occasionally visited by branches of Prince Christian's family. His Royal Highness's sister, the Princess Juliana Sophia, is married to Prince Frederick of Hesse Philipsthal, and their Highnesses passed some time here in the month of August, 1820. The name of Hesse Philipsthal is pleasingly familiar to English ears, from the gallant defence of Gaeta against the French. The prince of that name, who is now settled in Denmark, has nobly followed up the glorious example set him by his illustrious kinsman at Gaeta. He distinguished himself as much in the Austrian as his brother did in the Russian service, in which he lost a leg, and was in consequence obliged to go to England for surgical advice. He was accompanied thither by his brother, Prince Frederick, who took the opportunity of visiting Scotland, of which country he speaks in terms which do honour to His Highness's feelings and principles. This gallant Prince has also made himself exceedingly popular in Denmark, by acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language, and identifying himself in many other respects with the people.

Prince Christian's son, who was then about twelve years old, and may one day ascend the throne of Denmark, happened also to be at Fredensborg at the time I was there. Having the pleasure of knowing his

governor, Mr Bardenfleth, I conceived a wish to see the Prince. There is something peculiarly interesting in observing the germination of a mind which may once decide on the happiness or misery of thousands of his fellow-creatures. Lord Chesterfield, in his account of an interview with His late Britannic Majesty, when a boy, evidently considered it a very interesting occurrence. With somewhat similar feelings I saw the young Prince of Denmark. He had just returned from a cruise on the lake, with two lads of about his own size and age, sons of Count Schulin. There had been a fight, and I rather suspect the Prince had come worst off. His attention was wholly directed to the youngest Schulin, who appeared to indulge a wilful mood, by teasing the Prince, and telling him that he might rest satisfied with what he had got. The Prince, on the other hand, highly colouring, told him that he had not got enough, held a short twig to Schulin's nose, and did all that he could to provoke a renewal of the combat. At last the Prince's tutor called his attention to the drawings for this work. They seemed to interest and please him. Looking at the view of the Sound, the Prince demanded, "Pray, what is the meaning of the little flag on the fore-top of the guard-ship?"

Author. When that is flying ships need not strike their flags and sails to the King of Denmark.

Prince. What ! must ships strike flags and sails to the King of Denmark ?

Author. They must do more : the captains are obliged to come on shore, and pay a toll to the King of Denmark. The other day, an English ship, with a cargo of cotton twist, paid £1500 in toll.

Prince. Indeed ! that was a fine ship. I wish such an one would come every day. But how is it that ships pay this toll ?

Author. They do so to refund the expenses His Danish Majesty incurs on account of lighthouses, beacons, &c. It is an old custom, of which the English, in particular, are very fond. The English mariners are very partial to Holland's gin, which they get cheap and in great perfection at Elsinore ; besides, they buy knick-knacks there for their wives and sweethearts, and the passengers have an opportunity of visiting Hamlet's Garden.

Prince. Hamlet's Garden ! Where is that ?

Author. Close to Elsinore.

Prince. Who is Hamlet ?

Author. According to Shakspeare, the most accomplished Prince Denmark ever produced.

Prince. I do not know him.

Author. Your Highness has not yet, I presume, begun to read English.

Prince. No. I have not.

Author. But French ?

Prince. O yes!

Author. Your Highness is probably a great Frenchman?

Prince. No, indeed, I am not.

Author. And shall I tell you, that you never will be.

Prince. (*Smiling, and looking at me with earnestness.*) How so? Why?

Author. You are too fond of the sea, as I have been told by a naval friend of mine.

Prince. (*With enthusiasm.*) Yes! I do love the sea.

The Prince looked over the other drawings, and then proceeded to his carriage, which was drawn up to the grand entrance of the palace. As he was going to step into the carriage, he pulled off his hat, and, making a polite bow, exclaimed, "I thank you much, sir, for the sight of those beautiful drawings; I hope they will like them in England, and I wish you a prosperous voyage."

I was glad to have had so near a view of the Prince, as I had thus an opportunity of judging of the excellence of his bust by Thorvaldsen. In his features, like his father, he bears a resemblance to the illustrious Christian IV., whose blood flows in his veins, and who, at his age, showed the same partiality to the sea. It

is pleasing to reflect, besides, that if this young Prince shall not become a King such as the genius of the age and the real interests of his people require, it will not be for want of the best example and precepts that a father, aided by able and upright teachers, could furnish.

FREDERIKSBORG.

THE road to this place from Fredensborg is one of the most beautiful in Denmark. The traveller who is anxious to carry pleasing recollections with him of this country, will pursue his way through the gardens of Fredensborg, down to the boat-house on Esrom Lake. Thence he should cross the lake, to a wood called Nöddeboe-holt. There he will enjoy an extensive view of this fine lake, which must be allowed to surpass even Loch Lomond in softer beauties. There is a luxuriance of grand forest scenery on Esrom Lake, of which Loch Lomond, with the exception of some scanty plantations, is altogether destitute.

From Nöddeboe-holt the traveller should proceed to a more elevated position, near the house of a forester named Bruhl, who has displayed great taste for the picturesque in his management of the King's forests. This spot commands an uninterrupted view of the lake. In the lower part, its wooded banks project from both sides far into the lake, and form, as it were, lesser lakes and beautiful bays. On the left bank of the lake, a fine forest extends as far as Esrom. In this

direction the Swedish ridge of hills, called Koll, present a noble back-ground to the naked shores of the lake, which, however, soon resume their sylvan appearance on the right bank, in the vicinity of Fredensborg. The scenery of this lake, gleaming in the evening sun, presents to the beholder an assemblage of subjects not unworthy the pencil of Claude Lorraine. Here, probably, Thaarup composed the poem to his country :

“ Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose ;
Where first I cropp’d the stainless blossom
Of pleasure yet unmix’d with woes ;
Where with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp’d beneath a mother’s hand ;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted
That sparkles for my native land !

“ And when in childhood’s quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love !
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory ;
And ev’n the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier steps his haunts of glee.”

• • • • •
“ Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.”*

* Poems from the Danish, page 13.

One consideration tends, indeed, to diminish the pleasure that must be felt on a survey of this delightful country. However its beauties may have been appreciated by transient travellers, persons of rank and wealth in the country do not appear to have availed themselves, in any eminent degree, of the advantages which a residence here might be supposed to yield. Accordingly, an oppressive want of animation is felt; for, much as I love to see the roe bound through the forest, or the stately swan skim along the lake, I do not, certainly, wish that they should be in a manner the principal and happiest residents here. Far be it from me to wish that the banks of this lake should be crowded with Italian villas and French chateaus; but if they were here and there studded with some pretty and comfortable cottages, inhabited by men likely to benefit the neighbourhood, I should still hope, that "the placid and serious beauty of nature might be enjoyed undisturbed, in intimate union and rare purity," to use the words of the most distinguished sentimental traveller in Denmark.*

Fortunately, a gentleman of great influence, both as a man of rank and science, has lately set a good example in appreciating the beauties of this part of Zealand. He has done so on principles which cannot be

* Professor Molbech's *Juvenile Wanderings*, page 185.

too highly commended, when the actual capabilities of the country and its true interests are dispassionately considered. The rage for chateau-building was some eighty or ninety years ago introduced on the models of France, where, according to my Uncle Toby, country seats seem to be superfluous:—"Why are there so few palaces and gentlemen's seats," he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, "throughout so many delicious provinces in *France*? Whence is it that the few remaining *chateaus* amongst them are so dismantled, so unfurnished, and in so ruinous and desolate a condition? Because, sir," he would say, "in that kingdom no man has any country-interest to support;—the little interest of any kind which any man has any where in it is consecrated in the Court, and the looks of the Grand Monarch, by the sunshine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every *Frenchman* lives or dies."

This is certainly not generally the case in Denmark, where many noblemen and gentlemen of large estates—and I may instance the illustrious Bulow of Sanderumgaard—stay away from the Court for twenty years and more, passing their time most agreeably and usefully in ministering to the happiness and comforts of their tenants and dependants. In those places, Uncle Toby himself would find no cause for complaining of the appearance of the country seats. But the case is

different with those magnificent chateaus which were evidently built for show, and, after immense sums had been lavished on them, did not in many instances maintain their pristine splendour during the founder's lifetime. Hence the traveller sometimes meets with chateaus in a state which leaves him no other wish to express, but that they were complete ruins.

His Excellency, Mr Hauch,* therefore deserves the particular thanks of his country, for introducing a style of rural architecture, which gives the proprietor all the benefits of a residence in the country, without occasioning heavy and useless expense.

Mr Hauch has cleared a considerable tract of land, which had formerly been forest, in the vicinity of Esrom Lake, and allotted it, in small divisions, to a great number of cottagers. In an elevated part of the estate he has built a two-storied dwelling in a neat unassuming style. It possesses an extensive view of the country, and will itself form a most interesting object, when the adjacent cottages shall wear that general appearance of comfort and happiness to which they are rapidly advancing under the auspices of this nobleman, whose palace does not

* * * * * "rear its head

To shame the meanness of [the peasant's] shed."

* Master of the Horse, and Lord High Steward of His Danish Majesty.

At a short distance from his seat, he has laid out a farm on the most approved principles, where the neighbouring cottagers will derive the best guidance in the culture of their plots of ground from what they see practised. Mr Hauch's gardens and plantations will also be the means of turning the attention of the cottagers to an improved system of horticulture and fencing, in which the peasantry of Zealand are generally so much behind.*

His seat may thus be regarded as the centre of much practical improvement in the principal sources of national wealth, and as such will amply repay the

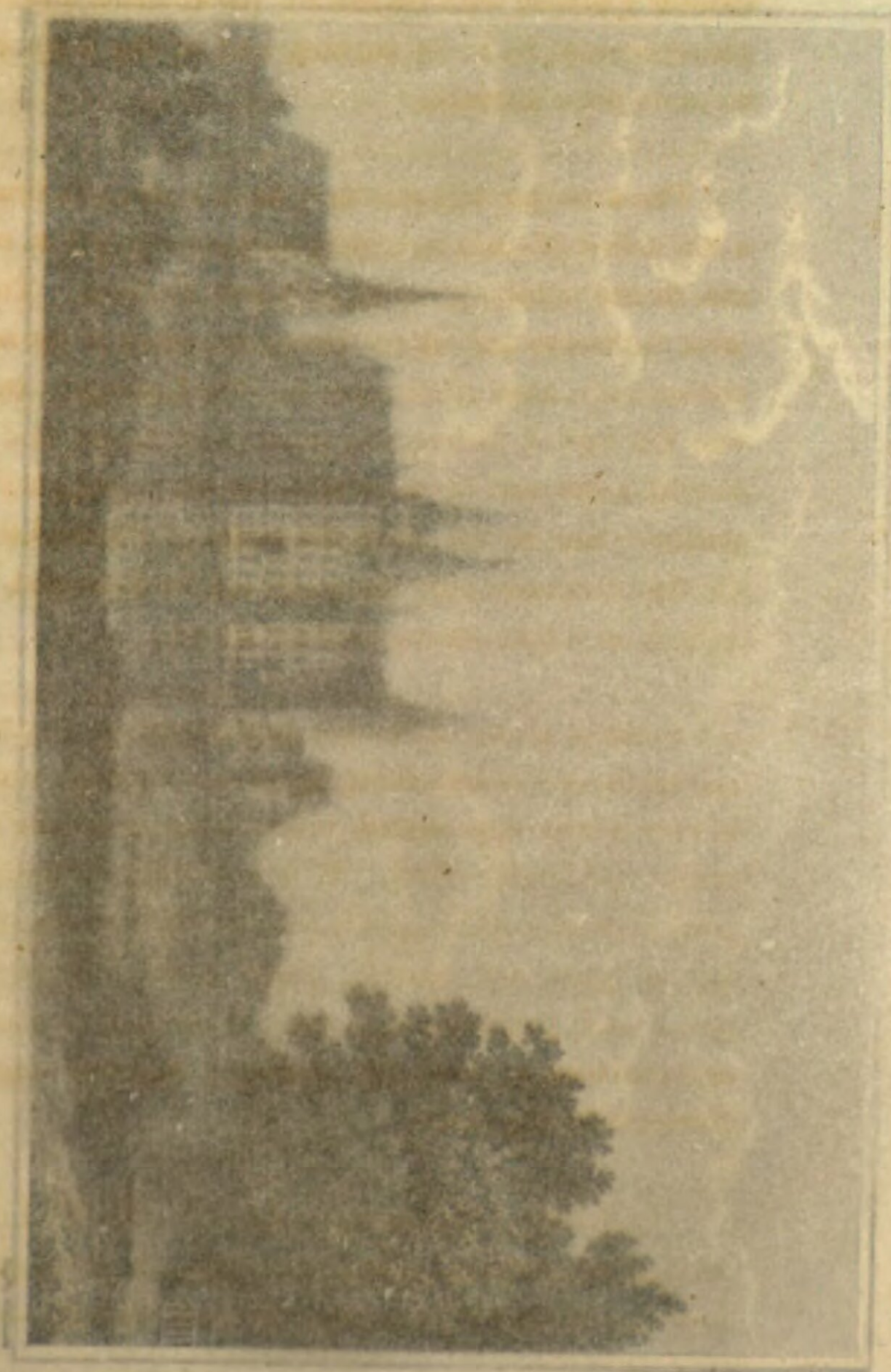
* The Reverend Mr Junge, in his invaluable work on the character, customs, opinions, and language of the peasantry of North Zealand, mentions (page 76), that hedging is diametrically opposite to the peasants' principles of agriculture. The learned author has himself seen quickset hedges ruined in the course of a night; long rows of young timber trees irrecoverably broken, and the tops of fruit-trees cut off, just as the savages of Louisiana do, that they may pluck the fruit with greater ease. (Page 103), He proposes to remedy those evils, by the enactment of an old law in Holstein, pursuant to which, every young man was obliged to plant a dozen of trees before he could ask the minister to read the banns; and for every heir with which God blessed him, he had besides to plant six or eight trees. When I had the happiness to stay at Mr Junge's hospitable manse, in the village of Bloustrød, I saw particular reason for wishing that this law might be speedily passed: it would be productive of eminent benefit to his parishioners.

trouble a person who travels for information and solid pleasure may be at in turning out of the high road to some little distance.

The traveller will also then be in a straight line for a hill called *Skandsen*, which, without exception, commands the noblest prospect in North Zealand. To the west the forests and lake of Esrom are seen; to the north the majestic coast of Sweden and the Cattegat; to the east the Isle of Hveen, the coast of Schonen, and the Sound, enlivened by numerous vessels passing and re-passing; and to the south the castle of Frederiksborg. Of this, however, only the spires can be discerned, as it is built in a lake surrounded by forests.

Coming either from the northward or eastward, the castle of Frederiksborg remains concealed, until it is very nearly approached, when it bursts on the view with considerable effect. It is a Gothic structure, at once venerable and majestic, and has an immense number of spires and turrets, round which innumerable rooks and jackdaws fly, and, with their screaming and chattering, break the profound stillness reigning throughout the castle.

Mr Soldin, the pleasantest Danish traveller I could wish to accompany, either personally, or through the medium of his writings, says of Frederiksborg,—



FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE.

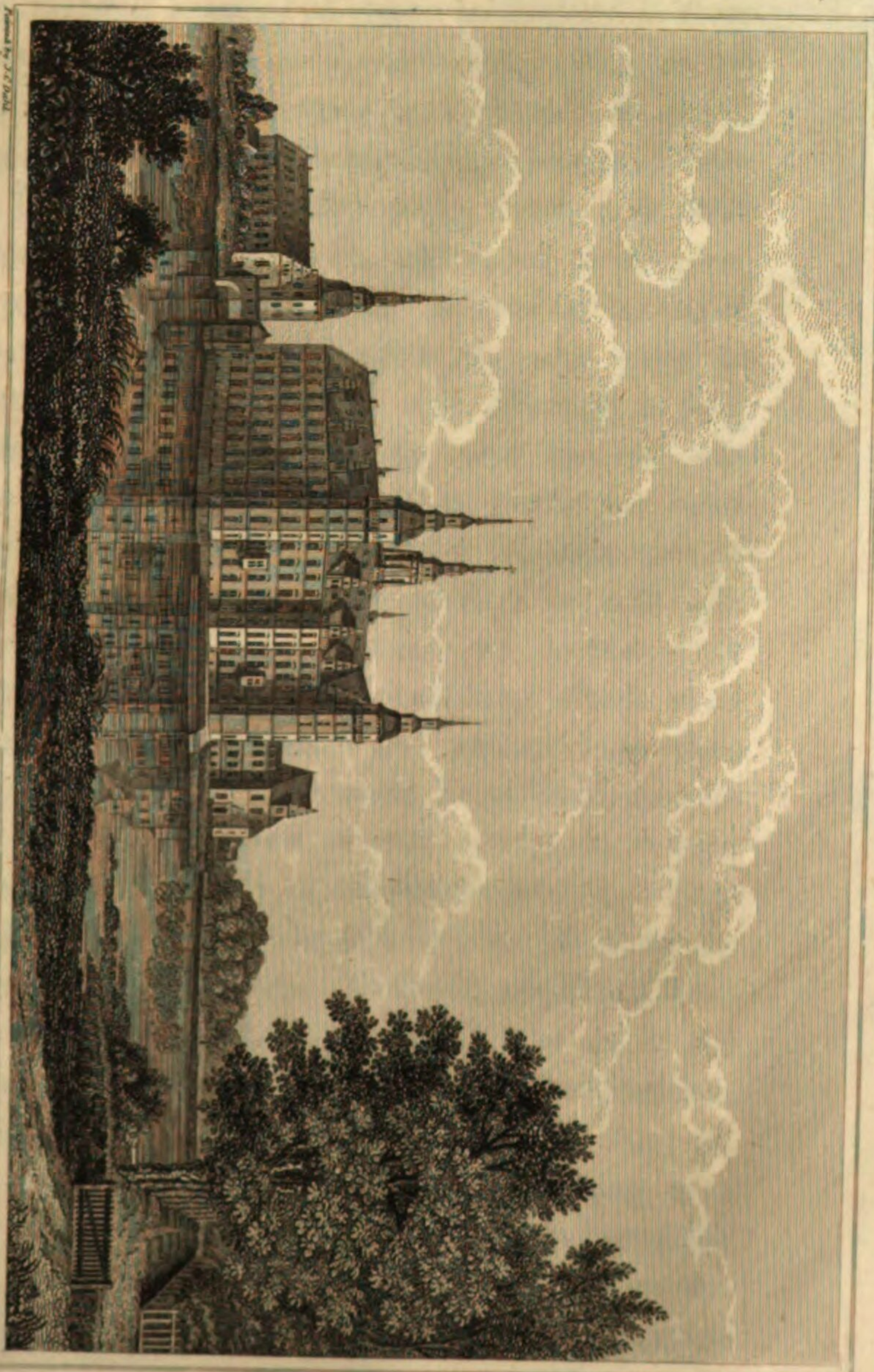
Reproduced by permission of the Danish Government.

visible a person who travels for information and solid pleasure, may be at in turning out of the high road at some early distance.

The view here will also then be in a straight line for a full mile *Skovsden*, which, without exception, commands the noblest prospect in North Zealand. To the west the forests and lake of Esrom are seen; to the north the majestic coast of Sweden and the Cattegat; to the east the Isle of Hven, the coast of Schonen, and the Sound, embosomed by numerous vessels passing and repassing; and to the south the castle of Frederiksborg. Of this, however, only the spires can be discerned, as it is built in a lake surrounded by forests.

Coming either from the northward or eastward, the castle of Frederiksborg remains concealed, until it is very nearly approached, when it bursts on the view with considerable effect. It is a Gothic structure, at once venerable and majestic, and has an immense number of spires and turrets, round which innumerable rooks and jackdaws fly, and, with their screaming and chattering, break the profound silence reigning throughout the castle.

Mr Soldin, the pleasantest Danish traveller I could wish to accompany, either personally, or through the medium of his writings, says of Frederiksborg,—



Engraved by J. C. Smith

Designed by W. J. Smith

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE.

Edinburgh Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

“ No royal summer residence in Zealand is more agreeably situated than Frederiksborg, being on all sides environed with wood and water. It ought properly to be called Christiansborg, because Christian IV. pulled down the castle which was built by his father, Frederick II., and raised in its place the present magnificent castle. Regard for his father probably induced him to allow the new castle to retain the name of the old one, although it may be seen from Resen's drawing, that the old was not a shadow of the new one. Our forefathers, upon the whole, felt great veneration for the memories of their ancestors; nor did they in days of yore pull down every thing indiscriminately, as has been done in latter times. Of this, Frederiksborg affords some traces. Although Christian IV. lavished more than royal magnificence on this castle, he suffered the two outer courts, with their gloomy towers, to remain in memorial, as it were, of his father's having resided on this spot. It cannot be said that he left them for ornament or convenience. That this could not have been the case, will be allowed by all who are in the least acquainted with what is beautiful in architecture. Nor would the celebrated artists, whom the king invited from abroad to superintend the building of a castle on which he spared no expense, have permitted these towers to disfigure it, if this had not been the king's express will and pleasure. When the palace of

Christiansborg was built in more recent times, very different opinions were acted upon. That ancient, venerable castle, called Steileborg, was razed to the ground, leaving not a wrack behind. Another circumstance may shew with what reverence King Christian IV. regarded any spot that could remind him and his posterity of some memorable man or occurrence. Near the castle is a small island on which Frederick II. is said to have planted with his own hand some shrubbery, in remembrance of his son Christian IV. having been born on this spot, (April 12, 1577). Christian left it untouched, whatever changes were made round it, and it may still be seen to this very day."

Thiele, whom I have so often had the pleasure to quote, has the following tradition relating to the birth of Christian: "In the autumn of 1576, an old simple peasant, from the island of Samsøe, came over to the general meeting of the States, then held at Kallundborg, in Zealand. He went to the Court, and gave information that a beautiful and lovely woman, but formed about the feet like a fish, had come to him several times where he lived in the island of Samsøe, near the sea. She had earnestly and sternly commanded him to set off to the King, and let him know, that since God had blessed his Queen, she was now pregnant of a son, who was to be heir to his throne.

He would be raised to the royal crown, and become an excellent lord among all kings and princes in this northern world. And since wickedness and sin, drunkenness and lewdness, arrogance and self-will, got greatly the upper hand in his kingdoms, he would earnestly and sternly put them down, in order to give glory and thanks to that High Lord and God who blessed his endeavours, lest his wrath and punishments should, in the course of time, be so much greater than his former benefits and long-suffering had been.

“The peasant, at the same time, declared, that he had often earnestly excused himself, being a poor, timid, ignorant, and insignificant person, who could not, nor dared, carry such intelligence to such great lords, as, by so doing, he might be thrown into the greatest distress and danger of life. But she bade him be of good cheer, telling him, that it was not his own business, but that of the Lord, who would keep him in his safeguard.”

It is a remarkable feature in the history of Christian IV., that nothing has been done on the part of his son to perpetuate his father's memory by monumental tributes. We hope this has arisen from the consciousness, that Christian's transcendent merits required no other monuments than those he has raised to himself in every part of Denmark and Norway; and that this

apparent want of regard for the memory of so great and good a king springs not from any paltry motive of jealousy towards that excellence which could not be reached. The most magnificent sepulchral monuments, however, in the cathedral of Roeskilde, where the Kings of Denmark are buried, were erected by Christian IV. to his father and grandfather, while his own coffin stands hidden in an obscure vault, amidst the perishing remains of those who have remained wholly unknown to fame.

Of all other buildings, Frederiksborg stands pre-eminently a monument to this king's love and patronage of the arts, in which he had himself acquired considerable proficiency. Before entering its precincts, it may not therefore be irrelevant to trace an outline of the character of him under whose auspices it was erected. This I shall do in the words of a gallant friend, who has honoured the memory of Christian IV. in the character in which his name most familiarly strikes the recollection of his countrymen.

After having detailed the naval events of Christian's reign, the author* proceeds: "Before I leave Christian IV. and pass over to his son and successor, Fre-

* Outlines of the Naval History of Denmark, by Lieutenant W. Graah of the Royal Danish Navy, page 153.

derick III., I must say a few words of that great king. We have seen that Denmark found in him her best defender; he always inspired her enemies with terror. A foreign author has remarked, that his presence was sufficient to frighten the Dutch in the battle in Lister Deeps. When the grand Swedish fleet attacked the Danish squadron commanded by Admiral Prosmund, the enemy feared that the king himself might be on board, in which case they knew the battle would be most bloody. It has been shown, that Christian was a seaman, and not only practically, but scientifically; he was a perfect master of his profession. Many of the finest ships built in his reign were constructed from his own draughts and models. There were few, if any, draughtsmen equal to him. Some of his performances still exist. Christian IV., however, was not only a great admiral, he was a great general also. All foreign writers agree in declaring, that he only wanted the good fortune of Gustavus Adolphus to have been the greatest general of his age. Even his most obstinate antagonist in the thirty years' war, Tilly, gives him that testimony. He possessed such great skill in fortification and gunnery, that he planned several fortresses. He was also an architect, and furnished himself plans for various magnificent buildings, such as the Exchange at Copenhagen. He spoke and wrote Latin, German, French, and Spanish, with fluency, and could make himself understood in Italian. He

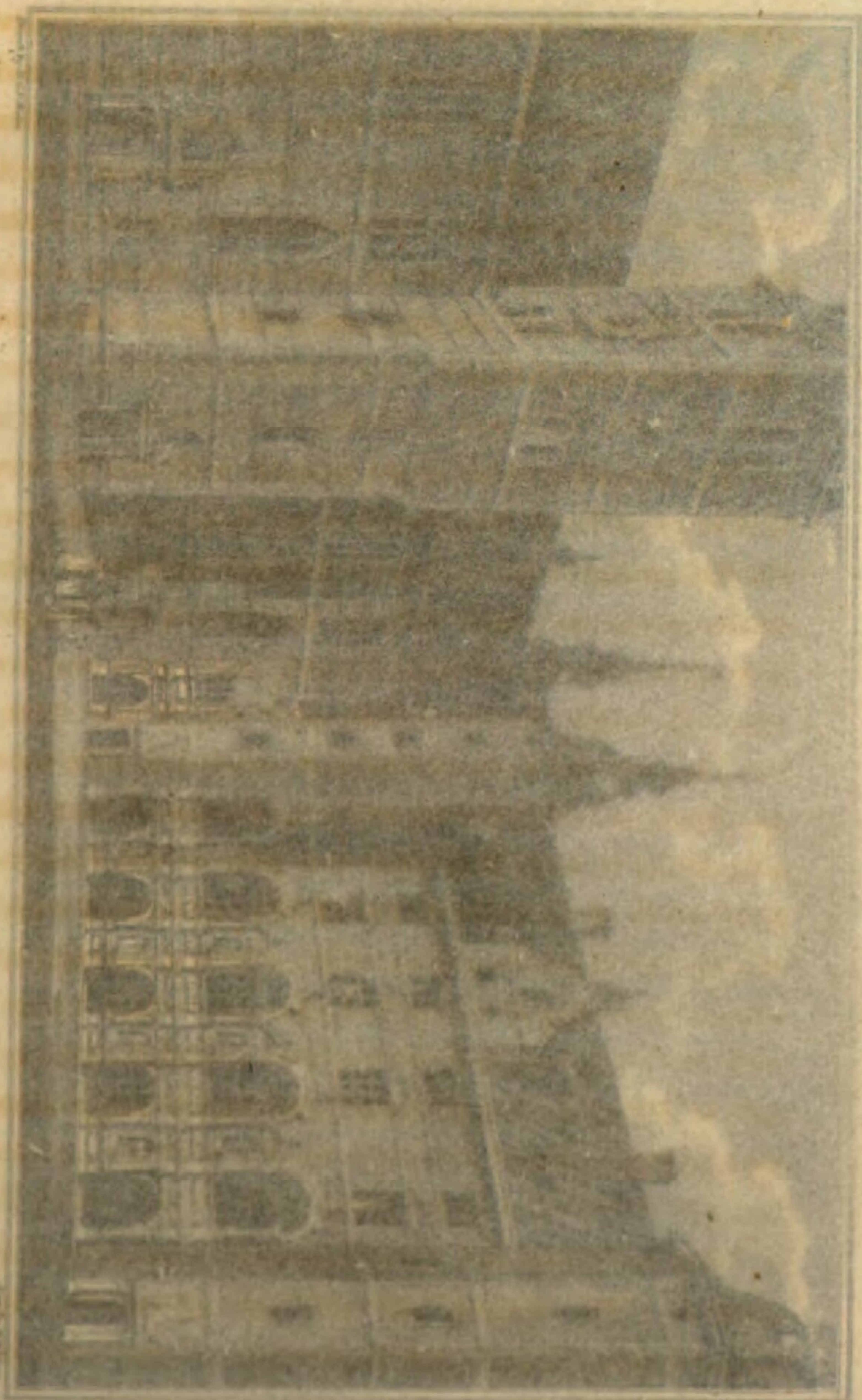
knew the art of government well, and was thoroughly acquainted with the external and internal strength and interest of every state. His love of right and justice may be traced in all his actions. He rewarded merit, and punished violations of duty without respect of person. In short, he was in almost every respect a monarch without his equal, and hence the kings of Europe styled him their father."

The traveller, who is acquainted with the history of this great king, will therefore approach the castle of Frederiksborg with a very superior interest. The castle stands on three islands, connected by bridges. It took fifteen years in building, and gave employment to many foreign artists and mechanics, whom the king invited from abroad and rewarded with royal munificence, and none more so than Inigo Jones, who is believed to have furnished the plan of the castle.— It is not built entirely in the Gothic style, but with a mixture of the Grecian, as will be seen from the annexed engraving of the principal court, which bears a striking resemblance to Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, and St John's College, Oxford, of which Inigo Jones supplied the plans.

The castle has not for a long time been a royal residence. The apartments are not, of course, very splendidly furnished, but some articles that have ac-

PRINCIPAL COURT OF FREDERICKSBURG CASTLE.

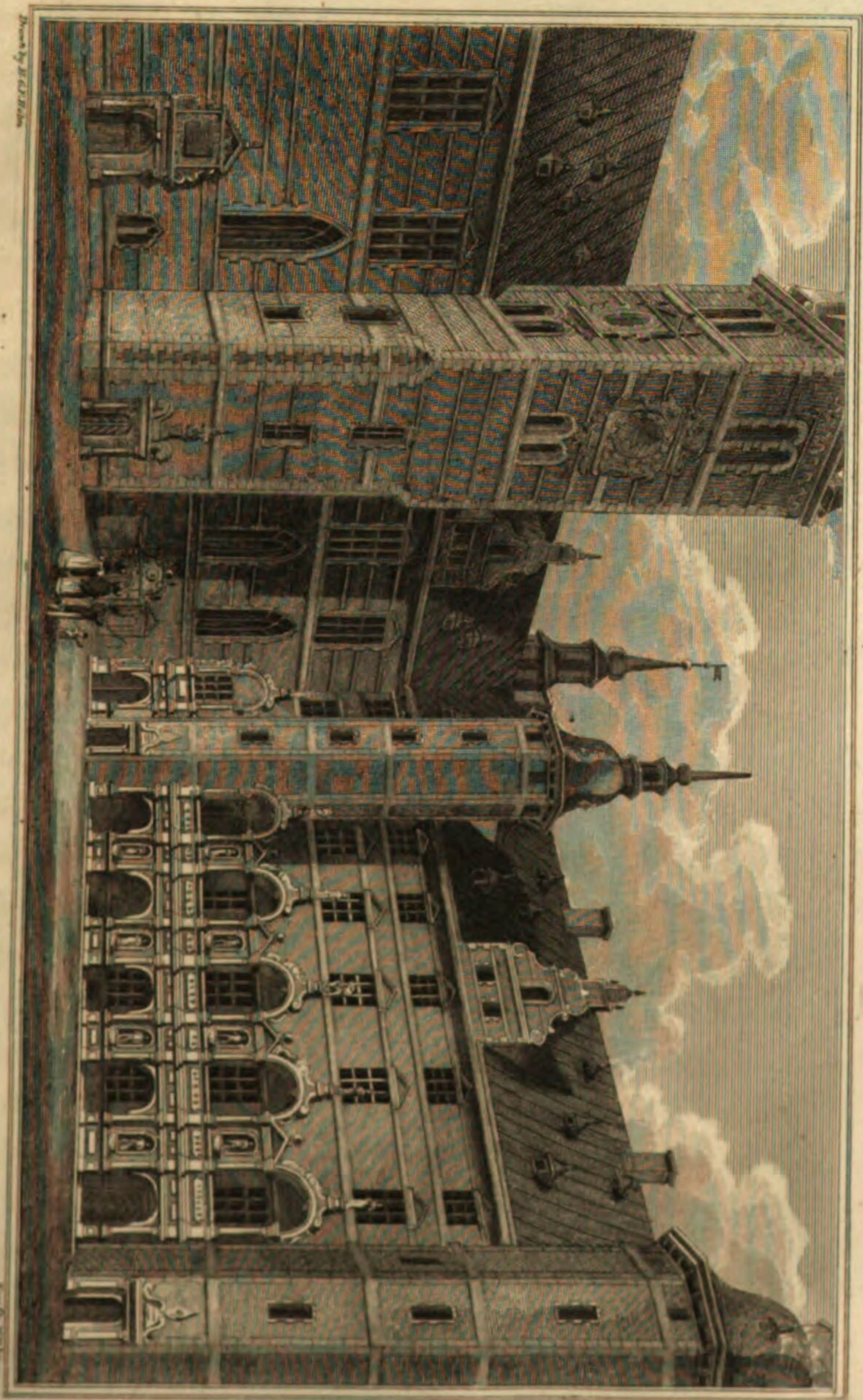
Engraving Published by Oliver & Sons 17 June 1871.



known the art of government well, and was thoroughly acquainted with the external and internal strength and weakness of every state. His love of right and justice may be traced in all his actions. He rewarded merit, and punished offenders of duty without respect of person. In every respect he was in almost every respect a monarch without his equal, and hence the kings of Europe styled him their father.

The traveller, who is acquainted with the history of this great king, will therefore approach the castle of Frederiksborg with a very superior interest. The castle stands on three islands, connected by bridges. It took fifteen years in building, and gave employment to many foreign artists and mechanics, whom the king invited from abroad and rewarded with royal munificence, and none more so than Inigo Jones, who is believed to have furnished the plan of the castle.— It is not built entirely in the Gothic style, but with a mixture of the Grecian, as will be seen from the annexed engraving of the principal court, which bears a striking resemblance to Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, and St John's College, Oxford, of which Inigo Jones supplied the plans.

The castle has not for a long time been a royal residence. The apartments are not, of course, very splendidly furnished, but some articles that have ac-



PRINCIPAL COURT OF FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE.

Edinburgh: Published by Oliver & Boyd 4th June 1821.

tually been used by Christian IV. will excite attention. Of the pictures, which are numerous, I will abstain from making mention, the learned Professor Abraham Kall being now engaged in making out a catalogue of them.

The interior of this castle, as old Resen truly remarked, offers more subjects for reflection than description. Of this kind are various inscriptions in the windows and on the walls, by royal and princely personages now no more, many of whom, perhaps, thought in this manner to protract the remembrance of their existence. Others, more modestly contenting themselves with placing their initials only below some religious and moral sentiment, have, however, better secured the passenger's sympathy and attention. Among these the hand-writing of Queen Caroline Matilda, in one of the windows, was eagerly pointed out to me by the person who conducts strangers over the castle. His present Danish majesty, son of that unfortunate Queen, had, I was told, in the most earnest manner enjoined the steward of the castle to take better care of the pane of glass on which his mother had written the sentiment found in the accompanying engraving than had been done in the castle of Cronenburgh, where she was imprisoned, and had also written something on a pane of glass which was broken. A rook, that had tumbled down through a chimney into the

apartment, happened at the moment to flap against the windows anxious to get out. This, I was told, occurred very often, and it naturally struck me, that the pane of glass on which Caroline Matilda had written might thus be broken, without any fault of the steward's. We caught the bird, and gave it liberty through Caroline Matilda's window, at the same time taking a fac-simile of her hand-writing and initials.

In another apartment, her present Danish majesty has written in a window the initials of her consort and herself, Frederick VI. and Maria Sophia Frederika, with the date of their coronation, and below, in Danish,

“ God, our Lord, bless Denmark !”

Knowing that that devout prayer had never been more frequently or more fervently breathed than by her majesty, I naturally conceived a wish to preserve the handwriting with that of the preceding queen.

The Knights' Hall is an immense apartment, and perhaps is the largest hall in Europe. It is 150 feet in length, but much too low in proportion to that length. It is supposed to be one of the most antique rooms in Denmark. The ceiling is crowded with carved work to such an excess, that the report of twenty-six carvers having been employed upon it for seven years is not

Keep me in the ant, make them great. J. -

246, for

231. July 1815.

Genl. for
Tavern, 211 & 212
Jamaica 1811

Facsimile of the hand writing of the late Genl. Taverner. It was given to the British Museum by the late Genl. Taverner.

apartment, happened at the moment to flap against the windows anxious to get out. This, I was told, occurred very often, and it naturally struck me, that the pane of glass on which Caroline Matilda had written might thus be broken, without any fault of the steward's. We caught the bird, and gave it liberty through Caroline Matilda's window, at the same time taking a fac-simile of her hand-writing and initials.

In another apartment, her present Danish majesty has written in a window the initials of her consort and herself, Frederick VI. and Maria Sophia Fredericka, with the date of their coronation, and below, in Danish,

"God, our Lord, bless Denmark!"

Knowing that that devout prayer had never been more frequently or more fervently breathed than by her majesty, I naturally conceived a wish to preserve the handwriting with that of the preceding queen.

The Knights' Hall is an immense apartment, and perhaps is the largest hall in Europe. It is 150 feet in length, but much too low in proportion to that length. It is supposed to be one of the most antique rooms in Denmark. The ceiling is crowded with carved work to such an excess, that the report of twenty-six carvers having been employed upon it for seven years is not

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a manuscript page. The text is arranged in approximately 25 lines, with some lines being significantly longer than others. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of aging and wear.

Vertical handwritten text on the left margin, possibly a date or a reference.

improbable. The walls are covered with paintings, of which some are by eminent masters, such as Teniers and Salvator Rosa. There are many portraits of English kings, princes, and princesses, among whom the daughter of Charles I., Henrietta, who was married to the brother of Lewis XIV., is particularly distinguished for her great beauty. Professor Molbech observes, "Really her portrait is one of the most beautiful female countenances I have ever seen; in surveying it I shuddered at the thought of her tragic death." There are also some portraits of Christian IV., but none equal to the noble picture at Hampton Court.

When all the apartments have been viewed, the chapel is shown. It is the principal ornament of the castle, although enemies have taken away and friends added something by which its original appearance has been injured. The Swedes took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad. They, however, did not reach Sweden, the vessel that carried the sacrilegious booty having been cast away. Some years ago, on occasion of the king's coronation, which has always taken place in this chapel, a throne of a most fashionable appearance was erected, which, according to Professor Molbech, takes away a third part

of the chapel's size, and much of its beauty and grandeur.

This chapel is fitted up in the most sumptuous style, abounding in marble sculptures, carvings in costly wood, figures of massy silver, and paintings. The famous picture by Salvator Rosa of Jonah preaching to the Ninevites has, however, been removed to the Museum of Copenhagen.

Above the choir is the chapel where the Knights of the Elephant and Danebrog were formerly installed. "On the walls," Mr Soldin says, "a blessed number of escutcheons and symbols of knighthood are hung. Here we may discover, in the true sense of the word, who is of ancient and who is of modern nobility. The old escutcheons have faded so much, that it is scarcely possible to recognize them; the new ones, on the contrary, dazzle in a blaze of effulgence. This gallery is a proper pattern-book of nobility."

I think it a book of deeper import, which may be more beneficially looked into as an illustration of "the boast of heraldry and the pomp of power." While I surveyed the arms of his Majesty the King of Denmark, suspended between those of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Sweden, and other potentates, princes, and nobles, foreign as

well as native,—for instance, Wellington, Blucher, Rosencrantz, Bernstorff, Kaas, &c.,—I fancied I saw before me the *dramatis personæ* of the great tragedy that had been lately acted in the world. As no trace of his glory who had so long performed the principal part was to be discovered, I made some inquiry, and found that there is an obscure vault to which the escutcheons of the knights are occasionally transferred. Therefore it is probable that, on his political death, Buonaparte had been interred in the tomb of all the Capulets. Shakspeare's prophetic lines struck my mind most forcibly at the moment:

“Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.”

When the traveller has seen all that is worthy of remark in the castle, he should proceed to the king's stud. The road thither leads through a grove of beech and oak trees of majestic dimensions. Some of them are said to have been planted by King Christian IV. himself, and seem to be as conspicuous for their sturdiness among the other trees as he who planted them was distinguished for superior qualities among the men of his age.

The stud was established so far back as the year 1562, by King Frederick II. It was in a flourishing

state in the reign of his son, Christian IV., but perhaps never in so prosperous a condition as in the present reign, under the management of Mr Nielsen. The primary object was to supply the king's stables with horses; but, in the year 1779, another object of more public utility was superadded. Farmers and proprietors of large estates were supplied with stallions from the royal stud, on payment of from £10 to £20 per horse. In many instances they were furnished gratis; and the king, moreover, assigned an annual sum to be distributed as premiums throughout the country for the best stallions that should be shown to commissioners appointed for the purpose by his majesty. Such encouragement proved the more important, as horses form a valuable branch of trade to Denmark. In the year 1795, 11,000 Danish horses passed through Göttingen, on their way to foreign armies; and in the year 1797, Denmark gained at least £200,000 on 16,000 horses, which, Catteau informs us, in the genuine style of French declamation, "were dragged from the bosom of their peaceable and modest country, to hear, in foreign regions, the sound of the warlike trumpet, to carry the combatant amid the hostile ranks, to increase the eclat of some pompous procession, or drag, in gilded car, some favourite of fortune."

In the spring of 1818, the stud contained about

700 horses, of all ages. I saw 113 brood-mares, with colts at the foot, all very beautiful animals, although the stud has not, within the last twenty years, received any great accession of horses of the purest foreign breeds. Supplies of this kind seem to have depended upon chance. A merchant of the name of Stuhr, in Holstein, some years ago, made his Danish majesty a present of a beautiful little chesnut stallion from Caucasus, which has proved a valuable addition to the stud. I noticed, also, some fine colts reared from an English blood-mare, that had belonged to Lord Cathcart.

It is a very great pleasure to observe what can be done by a single individual of active habits, who is master of his profession and delights in it. Every thing about this stud, men, animals, buildings, gardens, all bear pleasing testimony to the superintending care of a man of uncommon powers.

The northern nations have always been distinguished for their affectionate care of their horses.* It is strikingly exemplified in the conduct of Mr

* In order to illustrate this amiable trait in their character, Mr John Ericksen, an Icelandic gentleman, published at Copenhagen, in 1757, a *Treatise de Philippia Veterum*, or the Love of the Ancients for their Horses.

Nielsen's grooms, who are all young peasants drawn from different parts of the kingdom to serve for three years in the king's stud. This is a new arrangement, suggested by Mr Nielsen, and exempts the men from military service in the regular army. Their labours are not, however, solely confined to the care of horses, they are employed in all branches of rural economy ; and thus at the end of three years will return to their homes, with habits of industry, morality, and sobriety, and possessed of much superior knowledge, that may essentially promote their interests in life. Let me add, that Mr Nielsen, both by precept and example, strongly inculcates on the men another habit, for which their families and the guardians of their eternal interests must be infinitely indebted to him. He not only enforces stated attendance on public worship, but prayers are read daily by the men, in presence of all his family.

In addition to the buildings of the stud, a spacious riding-house has been constructed within the last few years, upon a novel principle, the roof being supported by elliptical frames of planks. It does credit to the ability of the architect, Mr Früs.

When the traveller has surveyed the stud, he will be made most heartily welcome to whatever hospitality Mr Nielsen's house may happen to afford. Should he

be an Englishman, he will be pleased to find that the attentions paid to Mr Nielsen during his stay in England, by Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sinclair, Mr Coke of Holkham, Mr Bakewell of Dishley, and other gentlemen distinguished for their love of science and agriculture, have been well bestowed. Mr Nielsen's house is built in the cottage style, and the grounds have all the appearance of being laid out by Mr Repton. The interior of the house is in excellent keeping with the exterior. One room is remarkable for being entirely covered with English prints of celebrated horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. Among the latter animals, I noticed a drawing of a species reared by Professor Viborg, senior, from a St Helena boar and a native sow. Connoisseurs pronounce it a very superior animal.

At a short distance from the stud, the king has a farm, called Faurholm, which has been laid out on a most extensive scale by Mr Nielsen. I saw thirty-two pair of horses harrowing here at one time. The land is cultivated in the English manner, and Pilkington's system of draining had produced wonderful effects. All implements of husbandry used were made, under Mr Nielsen's directions, on English principles. Hedging was likewise carried on to some extent. Mr Nielsen has, however, reasons of a local nature for not extending fencing generally. Hence the king's farm,

in many places, resembles a tract of land in Cambridge-shire, which, from its bleak and bald appearance, made me think I was not in England.

On this farm Mr Nielsen has reared a most beautiful breed of cattle, from a Zealand bull and a Jutland cow. When I first saw them, they gave me as much pleasure as a remarkable breed of cattle gave Mr Gilpin * in Devonshire. His description may answer to both, being elegantly and neatly formed, rather small, and generally red. Their horns are short, their coats fine, and their heads small. The Danish breed are excellent milkers, and yield fine beef. Could any of them be shown to the Smithfield club, the president would, I am persuaded, at the annual dinner, preface the standing toast of "Small in bone and great in value" by a high compliment to Mr Nielsen.

* Observations on the Western Parts of England, relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, page 272.

FREDERIKSVÆRK.

WHEN the traveller has viewed the Castle of Frederiksborg, and its delightful environs, he ought to visit the romantic scenery of Frederiksværk. The road thither is not, indeed, very agreeable, but time will be beguiled of its length by looking back on the Castle of Frederiksborg, which is seen to great advantage from this side, embosomed in noble woodland scenery. The numerous tumuli scattered over this part of the country * will also suggest a variety of reflections on the ancient and present state of this kingdom. Approaching Frederiksværk, the traveller's attention is strongly attracted by a number of powder-magazines, palisaded and guarded by sentinels, presenting so formidable an appearance, that some hostile Martinet general might

* In another part of this work I purpose to furnish an account of these interesting sepulchral monuments of early times. At present I shall content myself in referring such of my readers as may be Danish or German scholars to the disquisition on this subject (printed in the 5th volume of the Scandinavian Society's Transactions), by my truly excellent and most learned friend, Professor Birger Thorlacius, as worthy of attention. It has also been published in German.

easily be frightened into terms less honourable to himself than to the commander of the district. But, descending the hill, the mind is delighted with so many images of rural beauty and retirement, that the traveller would scarcely think he was on the point of entering a place chiefly devoted to the manufacture of arms, and, more particularly, of those horrid instruments of destruction—the Congreve rockets, the use of which I heard the late Sir Joseph Banks denounce as a disgrace to any civilized nation, and that ought to be abolished by an act of Parliament.

It may be proper, after a long and dreary journey, to open the description of this little Highland region in the manner of an author who has written an Account of the Mountain Scenery of Callender, the Troshachs, and Loch Katrine.* He states, for the information, I presume, of the English traveller in particular, that there is an excellent inn at Callender. I shall not, however, follow the Scottish writer, in giving a circumstantial description of the inn at Fre-

* The name of this lake is variously written by different authors. I have followed the mode adopted in the *Lady of the Lake* by the great poet, whose delineations of that interesting tract of Scotland most impressively satisfied me on the spot of the propriety with which the *literati* of Denmark regard the name of Walter Scott as that of a household god.

deriksværk, but merely assure the traveller, that he will find no occasion to apply the lines which the Danish Professor Sneedorff* found written on the wall of a room in the Angel Inn at Oxford:

“How like my wife is this damnable inn,
Angel without, and the Devil within.”

I had an introduction to the inspector of Frederiksværk, Colonel Tscherning, of the artillery, in whose amiable family I was instantly admitted to all the enjoyments that boundless hospitality could offer. The worthy Colonel took me out to view the environs, be-

* Author of an excellent account of England. He was an intimate friend of Sibthorp, the botanist, and, on his travels in England, passed much of his time with him and the learned Drs Ford of Magdalen Hall, and Winstanley of St Alban Hall, Oxford. Professor Sneedorff was also well connected with other distinguished literary and scientific characters in England, such as Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sinclair, and Mr Roscoe. By the latter gentleman he seems to have been laid under particular obligations during his stay at Liverpool. On his way from that town, in the vicinity of Penrith, one of the horses became unmanageable, and, in the confusion that ensued, Professor Sneedorff having jumped out of the coach, he unfortunately fell on the head, and received a contusion of which he died on the same night (June 15, 1792), at the Crown Inn, Penrith. His death was deplored in both countries. In Denmark it was felt as a heavy national loss. Mr Sneedorff was a young man of fixed principles in religion, pure morals, unbending independence of mind, and the most enlightened political sentiments. From such qualities, in addition to his high attainments, his country might well be warranted in anticipating the most beneficial results.

ginning by the rivulet, which, in its course from Arré Lake, enters the sea at Frederiksværk. We walked along a range of steep wooded hills, at the base of which, and to a considerable depth, the rivulet pursued its course. Professor Molbech, whose feelings were particularly excited here, observes, that "even coming from a mountainous country like Sweden, you will be delightfully surprised by the romantic beauties of Frederiksværk." To this opinion I must subscribe, as I thought with pleasure on the scenery of Frederiksværk, even when traversing the sublime and sombre recesses of the Troshachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond.

At the termination of this romantic walk, when the Arré Lake opens on the view, some elegant buildings have been constructed, under the directions of Captain Schumacher, commander of the rocket corps. They consist of dwellings for himself and the officers of the corps, with an observatory. The Captain is said to be a man of extraordinary genius. It is understood that he has greatly improved the Congreve rockets, But as I have never troubled my head about the means of doing political mischief, I felt no curiosity to see the rocket-manufactory. I recollected at the moment part of Swift's beautiful Ode to the Honourable Sir William Temple; written at Moor Park, June 1689.

“ Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast :
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies :
Nor ever-green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crowned with these bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays ;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death ;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.”

Being, moreover, of Swift's opinion, that the man who “ makes two blades of grass grow, where only one grew before, is so far a creator,” I gladly accepted Colonel Tscherning's offer, to show me those parts of the works where swords were literally turned into ploughshares. I was particularly pleased to see some fine ploughs, constructed on English models, which were to be used at a ploughing-match—the first, I believe, that had yet taken place in Zealand—on the King's Farm, near Frederiksborg. “ Ye Britons, venerate the plough,” is an earnest exhortation of Thomson to his countrymen, and may, with equal propriety, be addressed to Danes : for their true “ wealth,” to use the words of the poet Evald, “ is their dear native mould.”

Of this truth, Frederiksværk afforded some of the most gratifying proofs that ever came under my observation.

Colonel Tscherning one day took me up the Hay-hills, to a cluster of cottages, called Carls gave (Charles's Gift), from their having been built and granted on leases for life to the tenants by His Serene Highness, Charles, Prince of Hesse, father-in-law to His present Danish Majesty, who now possesses the estate of Frederiksværk.—When I entered these cottages, and beheld their neatness, cleanliness, comforts, and even appearances of wealth, I was almost tempted to become an Epicurean in politics, and subscribe to Hume's assertion, that private happiness does not depend on the form of the government. Here the King of Denmark may, with some alteration of terms, appropriate to himself the famous saying of Henry IV. of France, "I know every one of my subjects has a duck in his pot." This is literally the case; for Mrs Colonel Tscherning applied, in my hearing, to many of the cottagers for some ducks, but everywhere she received this answer, "We will not sell any; we salt them down for the winter, and use the feathers for our beds." When I told this anecdote to David Letster, a cottager on Corstorphine-hill, near Edinburgh, he made me feel his chaff-mattress, saying, "The cottars o' Scotland dinna lie on down, but they sleep sound for a' that."

Feldborg, Andreas Andersen,

Denmark delineated, or, Sketches of the present state of that country
illustrated with portraits, views, and other engravings from drawngs by
eminent Danish artists

Bd.: 1

Edinburgh 1821

H.sept. 60 m-1/3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10451621-4